★ JOHN BULL, APRIL 12, 1941. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXIX 1817

GAS ATTACKS FREE INSURANCE FOR EVERY HOUSE

FORWARD! SAYS A.G.G.

THANK YOU UNCLE SAM! By the Editor

We all sleep better after Bournville Cocoa at supper

AND IT'S ONE FOOD THAT'S DOWN IN PRICE!

WHAT'S this? A food that's *down* in price? Yes, madam, Bournville Cocoa costs you less than it did before the war. *It has been reduced to 5d. per quarter-pound.* Housewives now find their old friend Bournville Cocoa to be a big new help in keeping the bills down. And don't forget that it's a natural food and it helps your nerves!

★ EXTRA FOOD VALUE
★ IRON — THE BLOOD ENRICHER
★ PHOSPHATES — FOR HEALTHY GROWTH
★ AID TO DIGESTION
★ VITAMIN D — VITAL TO HEALTH

BOURNVILLE COCOA THE 5-STAR

QUALITY UNALTERED

Save money

BUY THE ½ lb. TIN 9½D

or the big

1 lb. FAMILY TIN 1/6

CHOCOLATE IN WARTIME

Restricted Supplies

Our supplies of fresh milk, of sugar, and of other raw materials are rationed. In addition we have big Government contracts to meet.

Yet public demand for chocolate and cocoa is greater than ever because they are such concentrated and convenient foods.

In order to distribute the available supplies fairly we have had to ration all our customers. If therefore you cannot get your usual choice of Cadbury lines, please do not blame the shopkeeper. He is doing the best he can with short supplies.

We are doing the same. We are also ensuring that our lines remain, as always, of the very highest quality.

ISSUED BY

CADBURYS

OF BOURNVILLE

'Your money's worth'

That's what I like about "Digger." You get your money's worth. I'm a pretty heavy smoker, but can't afford too many 'fills' a day; and that's where "Digger" scores .... it lasts wonderfully... But don't think that's all; its flavour and freshness are A.1.

PLAYER'S DIGGER TOBACCOS

FLAKE - SHAG MIXTURE - PLUG HONEYDEW

1/3½ PER OZ P.D.55A

VARNENE gives such a lovely finish to floors

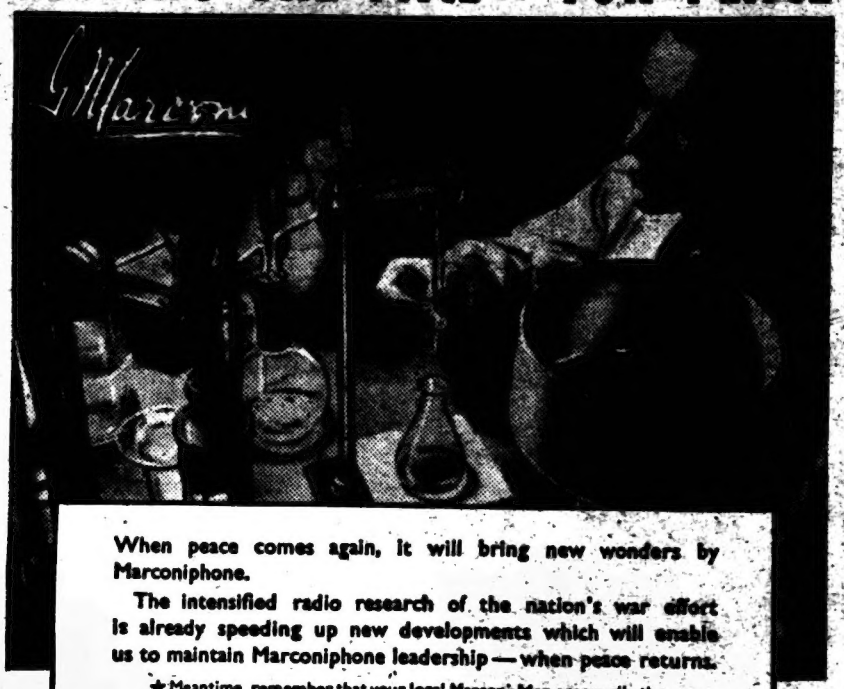
To ensure the success of your Staining and Varnishing use Varnene the Oil Varnish Stain that gives such a lovely, hard-wearing high gloss finish.

Obtainable at all Dealers

VARNENE

V/HS/61

SETTING THE PACE — FOR PEACE



When peace comes again, it will bring new wonders by Marconiphone.

The intensified radio research of the nation's war effort is already speeding up new developments which will enable us to maintain Marconiphone leadership — when peace returns.

★ Meantime, remember that your local Marconi-Men are usually the best equipped and most efficient radio dealers in your locality.

MARCONIPHONE

the REAL thing in RADIO

Wouldn't You Love to be SLIM Again

WHAT happier prospect than to return again to one's girlish figure—and retain it? Remember, to be slim is to be fashionable, to be able to wear smart, modern clothes.

Bile Beans not only restore slenderness of yesterday, but bring a splendid feeling of perfect health. Purely vegetable, Bile Beans "slim while you sleep"—ridding the system of fat-forming waste, purifying the blood and improving your fitness and vitality.

To be slim again—to keep slim, youthful, attractive—take Bile Beans at bedtime—regularly.

7d., 1/5 & 3/5 (including Purchase Tax). Also obtainable in pennyworths. All chemists and stores.

My tape measure makes it most important that I take care of my appearance. I keep my splendid health and my figure lovely and slim with the aid of Bile Beans—just a couple at bedtime. My thin, yes, is cleaner and trimmer. I have more energy and I am ever so fit."—Miss I. R., London, W.12

You can with Nightly BILE BEANS BRAND PILLS

Open up for MALTESERS

Irresistible chocolate bubbles with crisp honeycomb centres that taste deliciously malty and give you food value besides.

Do you wonder you can never say no to Maltesers!

2½D ALSO IN 7½ SIZES

What do I do...

so that my waste paper can be used again?

Wherever I can I use cellophane, grease-proof or other dirty paper to light fires, and keep my newspapers, after I have read them, clean and dry for collection by the dustman. I tie other waste paper, flattened cartons and cardboard into a parcel (small pieces inside). I know that all this waste can be made into paper again.

Where possible, I open my letters neatly so that I can use the envelopes again with "economy" labels or strips of gummed paper.

And I remember that by saving paper in this way I help to free shipping space for vital war needs.

Cut this out — and keep it!

Issued by The Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, April 12, 1941
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

WASTED BRAINS

● Civil engineer and surveyor, with two degrees, wants a job.

He was a major in the last war, is certified medically fit—but the War Office has no use for his services.

An expert in preparing landing grounds, he also wrote to the Air Ministry. No reply.

Only notice taken of him by Officialdom is a postcard every now and then to ask if he wishes his name to remain on the Central Registry!

That Central Registry is the last despairing hope of many professional men whose business has been ruined by war and who badly want to help the nation.

But few of them manage to get jobs; the Central Registry is still a white elephant.

Many of these brain-workers have exhausted their savings. They have no "dole," no medical benefit, and the U.A.B. seems to find all sorts of reasons for denying them relief.

Why, in this war of ideas, can they not be employed?

Why are they considered too old at 55 or 60?

Why cannot 100,000 of them be allowed to free younger and less experienced people for the Services?

Straight from the Shoulder

ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVES!

WAR gathers momentum. The gloomy wastes of the Atlantic. The sandy oceans of Africa and the mountains of the Balkans. The airy heights over Germany and the Channel.

Those are the battlefields where our fate and the shape of centuries yet to come are being decided.

Our mounting strength, a succession of great victories, an almost prophetic warning from the wizard of 1918, a setback! The Prime Minister's statement gives us renewed confidence and a stern purpose.

Even the Budget, which in peace time would have horrified us all, now seems but a feeble trifle.

Home Front

But there is one battlefield, more important than any other, where our titanic resources have not yet been fully mobilised for the fight.

That battlefield is the workshops, the shipyards and the soil of Britain.

Our Wins

Miracles have been wrought.

More, still more, must be done.

Mr. Lloyd George's warning must be heeded. More land must be drained and tilled! More men and women drafted to the farms!

Plans are advanced to make the whole country a gigantic hive of production. They must be effected without delay, without hitch.

Trouncing the Squabblers

Yet it is at this Spring-tide in our affairs, this turning-point of our struggle towards survival, that old factional cries are raised to deflect us from our aim.

Mr. Bevin, in the most fighting speech since he joined the Cabinet, has trounced the employers who raised this wasteful squabble.

They insist that they should have the right to sack men, even though those men have not the right to leave their jobs.

They want conscription for the workers. But they shout, "Hands off the employers!"

Right Policy

Too much talk about conscription.

If our people deserve the Democracy they are fighting for, there is no need to conscript Labour or Industry.

Bevin has been consistent in appealing to Industry to work out its own salvation. He has asked it to use—and bring into use—existing machinery of negotiation between employers and employees.

How few industries and trades have done so! How many employers are holding back!

Right to Sack

They want "the right to sack" in order to frighten lazy workers.

Most of our people are working harder than ever before. But of course there are some laggards, some malcontents.

There are also some selfish, or incompetent, or lazy employers.

Unwanted Women

Mr. Bevin was justified in shaming them.

He told how fifty women responded to his appeal. They left their jobs for war work.

Within a fortnight they were sacked.

So they lost both their old jobs and the new ones.

No Canteens

At one twice-bombed works sixty men arrived for night shift. There were no materials, and they were sacked.

Not until the Clydeside blitz did shipyards consent to set up canteens for their all-important workers.

"The argument against it," says Mr. Bevin dourly, "was that canteens were a Ministry of Labour fad and would not be necessary after the war."

Dodging the Foreman

JOHN BULL has quoted scores of previous cases to expose short-sighted managements.

We have, by way of contrast, reported workers who spend their time in dodging the foreman.

No Conscription

We did not cite such evidence to inveigh against any particular section of the community.

Our interest is only to see that no slacking, no muddling, is allowed to continue.

And we agree with Mr. Bevin that the best way to stop it is not by general conscription or wholesale compulsion.

Only a few offenders, not the hard-working majority, should be penalised.

Sack Them!

Sack the sackers! Slap the slackers!

But let there be a minimum of interference with good workers and considerate employers.

No conscription. More direction.

Less compulsion. Better collaboration!

That is the way peace and efficiency can best be maintained in industry.

Shorter Hours

Hours of work are being reduced. Dare any idiot say that this is pampering the workers?

All work and no play makes Jack a dull lad and a drowsy labourer.

If Jack and Jill are precision workers on a twelve-hour shift, their fingers fumble as the long day drags to an end.

Output Goes Up

When the fall of France destroyed our Army's equipment and left us almost defenceless, twelve-hour shifts were necessary to overcome the disaster.

Even then—and alone—JOHN BULL warned the Government that output would fall, health suffer, if such long hours continued indefinitely.

Months later, experts proved us right. Mr. Bevin acted quickly. Hours have been scaled down. And output has risen.

Speed the Wheels

Now there is another old problem to be faced with fresh urgency. Transport!

Bevin and Moore-Brabazon are speeding up dock transport. But roads and railways are still not equal to the tremendous demands made upon them.

And here, again, sectional interests rather than the nation's welfare are too much considered

Take Them Over!

What is concerning the Road-Rail Conference?

Its chief objects are to raise road transport rates to the high level of rail rates! To force small men into the "ring"!

Cut this cackle, Col. Moore-Brabazon! Threaten the cacklers with Lord Reith's plan—it should never have been shelved—for full transport nationalisation!

Lost Time

Nearly every day, thousands of hours are wasted on work essential to the country's safety.

Last week, for example, a train was late. Hundreds of men therefore arrived a few minutes late at an important war factory.

They were locked out. They were told they must lose half a day's work. They decided, in their anger, to lose the whole day.

In Top Gear

Col. Moore-Brabazon should tackle the railway company responsible. Mr. Bevin should bully the manager of that war factory.

Every cog of our war machine should be synchronised.

It must be fed, in unfailing time, by raw materials so that the rate of production does not fall for even an hour.

Breaking Point

The Army has broken the Italian Empire.

The Navy has broken the back of Mussolini's fleet.

The R.A.F. has broken the Luftwaffe's supremacy.

All three Services will break the spine of Nazi power despite Hitler's new aggressions.

But they cannot do so until British industry is soldered into an unbreakable whole

(Continued overleaf)

GAS ATTACKS!

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

JOHN BULL offers free to every civilian reader—including Fire Spotters, Home Guards, Police, A.F.S. Wardens, etc.—an insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's against Air Raids, including Gas Attacks, as well as Invasion and Bombardment.

This Policy covers husband and wife, and provides benefits for death and injury as defined caused by any action of Enemy, Allied or Home Defence Forces anywhere in the United Kingdom.

If you have not yet registered, Registration Forms can be obtained on application by postcard (revised postage 2d.) to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *See Page 17*

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

TRAINING of British "shock troops" is good enough to make the headlines

But the training of some ordinary recruits is still concentrated on spit-and-polish.

M.P.s have been scathing in their criticism. JOHN BULL hopes they will return to the attack, and offers them some ammunition.

Three Months' Hard Labour

After three months' training, a man has just been posted to a heavy battery.

In that time he learned to march and became an expert at sandbag-filling. But he never fired a gun.

He will have to learn while actually on active service.

Innocents on Guard

Lewis gun battery, in the first line of our A.A. defences, is manned by sixteen men in relays.

Only four of them had tuition in handling the gun before being posted to their station.

Bayonet Practice!

During training, of course, a man must be made physically fit, disciplined and tidy.

It should be equally obvious that good soldiering is more essential than the sort of "tidiness" enforced in some units.

For one kit inspection, men were told to scrape off the painted design on the lids of boot polish tins and polish them!

Incredible, but true.

As the C.O. Pleases

If a man is trained at six camps, he must learn to fold his blanket in six different ways.

Some C.O.s insist that men must polish their gaiter straps. Others don't.

Some men must polish the brims of steel helmets. Others must not. Some must polish respirators. Others must not.

The Greeks seem to have won military miracles without long training in spit-and-polish.

New Blood

One M.P. fears that only regular soldiers are given promotion to field rank—that is, to major, colonel or general.

Distinguished general once told JOHN BULL that most successful business men of thirty-five or so, if told what was required of them, would be capable of leading a division.

Certainly the last war showed that new soldiers could become very good soldiers.

Play Up, Captain!

Captain Margesson is being asked to raise the allowance given to housewives who billet soldiers.

Many women have to dip into their own pockets to feed the "boys."

Their allowances were fixed months ago. Since then prices have risen by 5s. in the £.

Business as Usual

Extract from the Situations Vacant column in a twopenny daily: "Odd man, experienced, wanted; family 2; servants 17; 30s. weekly."

Perhaps the wealthy advertisers haven't heard that servants are wanted for munition-making. Mr. Bevin should be able to disillusion them.

Chiefs' Comfort

While on this subject of wasted labour, we might mention that a cook and two maids are kept at a Surrey house just to cater for N.A.A.F.I. chiefs.

We imagine that their wages are paid by N.A.A.F.I. We *know* they could be better employed.

In the Kitty

Really useful employment is being brightened by all sorts of welfare schemes.

One great firm on war work has a £100,000 fund. Substantial amounts are paid to injured employees irrespective of their claims to War Injuries or Workmen's Compensation allowances.

Loans are also made to workers who have private financial worries.

There's no scrounging. And freedom from money troubles helps the employees to maintain high production.

Sunny Side

Guy Motors, of Wolverhampton, reduce workers' war strain by giving them doses of ultra-violet rays each day.

After a free examination by the works doctor, volunteers start with three minutes before the sunray lamp twice a week. After a week's rest, they have four-minute doses—two minutes back and front.

Only 3 per cent. of those attending have been absent through illness during the winter. Figure for those not attending the course is 10 per cent.

Shopping by Proxy

Another first-rate idea is for W.V.S. volunteers to shop for women who are employed all day in war factories.

Even if workers leave before the shops shut they find that all unrationed foods have been snapped up, so their families have to go short.

But in working this scheme, single women should be remembered and included.

Waste

Why is so much food allowed to rot?

Manchester, in the last quarter, had 400,000 pounds of meat sent to its destructors—not to mention enormous stocks of fish, fruit and vegetables, even butter.

Delay in transport? Or careless traders?

Artificial Shortage

Men are leaving the pits at the rate of hundreds a day. There's no encouragement for them to stay.

Colliery managers often tell them: "No work for you to-day. There are no wagons to take the coal away."

Yet the Government needs coal output to be increased by 500,000 tons a week.

Can You Beat It?

Richest districts are usually reckoned to be Bournemouth, Kensington, and Hampstead. Now claim seems to be staked by Llanbedr, small North Wales village.

Though its population is only 310, it has raised £31,947 in its War Weapons Week, more than £100 a head, and thus beating the £40 per person feat of Heckmondwike, in Yorkshire.

Nothing Doing

Reader who lost both legs is doing his bit by munition-making. But a railway company will do nothing to help him.

His workman's fare is 1s. 3d. a day, and he is expected to pay 1s. 7d. a day for transport of his invalid chair.

So, wisely, he's doing nothing to help the railways—and in future is travelling by bus.

Two-Day Return!

Manchester University students ask us to intercede with the railways on the question of cheaper tickets for fire-watchers.

Some of them travel thirty miles from home to college, after which they spend a night on fire duty. But they cannot use their return tickets to travel back next day.

This complaint is general. Minister of Transport should authorise two-day returns.

Under Fire

Despite official pressure on parents to send children out of danger areas, refugee children from Gibraltar remain under official control in London.

Some sleep in hostels, others are taken to tube shelters by their parents.

At one hostel, the evacuées have to cross the road in all weathers for breakfast, dinner and tea in a wooden hut that has replaced a tent.

No Lessons

Worse still, the children have had no schooling since last summer.

Can the British Council—and the British Government—be proud of this inhospitality to our guests?

Ignorance Isn't Bliss

Inhabitants of one Essex village never know when an air raid is in progress or when danger has passed.

They have no siren, wardens do not blow their whistles, and the wardens' post has no telephone.

Maybe the authorities don't realise that some villages have already had need of efficient A.R.P.

Over Strength

Our recent reference to A.R.P. equipment at Iver, Bucks, has prompted the disclosure that the district has 75 per cent. more active wardens than war establishment, yet there are steel helmets for all but four and gum boots for all but two.

At Iver Heath, war establishment is reckoned at 16. But there are actually 54 wardens, some 80 per cent. of whom are equipped with tin hats and rubber boots.

Many districts must wish they were as lucky.

London Bridge Burning

Is London's all-important Dockland prepared for further blitz?

Many fires on dock bridges could have been prevented, it is said, had stirrup pumps been available. Sand had to be brought from a distance.

These conditions, we are informed, still apply. Home Office, please note

Behind the News

● **SEIZURE OF AXIS SHIPS IN AMERICA HAS FOILED ONE OF THE MOST ELABORATE NAZI SABOTAGE PLOTS YET DEVISED. THEY WERE TO BE SUNK ACROSS DOCK ENTRANCES AS SOON AS BIG ARMAMENTS SHIPMENTS WERE READY FOR DISPATCH TO BRITAIN.**

● *Despite Nazi boasts, less than a quarter of 1 per cent. of their ships have managed to run the blockade.*

● About those new R.A.F. and naval explosives—details of even more powerful bombs may be announced in the near future.

● **Led by Uruguay, Latin countries of the Pan-American Union are refusing to renew Axis concessions, many of which are already being cancelled.**

● *However firmly Berlin claims that Nazi-Soviet friendship is maintained, German engineers are feverishly working on defences in Black Sea ports and along the Rumanian frontier with Russia.*

● Most serious German trouble in Poland is activity of hidden bands of guerillas, whose aim is to damage anything and everything Nazi.

● **Most impressed by the Yugoslav stand is Spain. Already losing ground, Nazis fear that Madrid's pro-Axis policy will completely wither away soon.**

● *Nor is that the only set-back. Spanish merchants are turning more and more to Britain in spite of "cut-throat" Nazi competition, because we can "deliver the goods."*

● **Japanese Liberals and industrialists have made joint plans to fight pro-Nazi military party if Matsuoka does not retract his Axis policy.**

● **Nazi tourists in Moslem countries have received orders to return home as quickly and as unobtrusively as possible.**

● *Fascist commanders in the Dodecanese islands have warned Rome that they will have to surrender unless supplies can be rushed to them through the British blockade.*

● General Krivitsky, former Ogpu chief who helped to track down Nazi spies in the U.S.A., was about to come to London to carry on that work here when he died mysteriously in New York.

● **American journalists have found that he actually came to Britain last year to give valuable information to our authorities.**

● *Found dead with a revolver at his side, he was supposed to have committed suicide. But he had warned his friends that, if he died in such circumstances, they could be sure he had been killed by political agents. So one of Hitler's most powerful foes has been "liquidated."*

THANKS, UNCLE SAM!

EASTER is here again—the second Easter of the last war that we shall have to fight or our children or our children's children have cause to remember.

We have much to be thankful for, and many to be thankful to.

There are our brothers and sons of the Royal Air Force, who won the First Battle of Britain for us, and are gaining fast in strength and striking power.

There are the men of the Royal Navy, and the merchant service, tireless, vigilant and victorious.

And there are the boys in khaki, the veterans of Dunkirk, the armies of Africa; the Home Guard, the Firemen and the Wardens; the Civil Defence Workers of every kind; the serried and tireless ranks of labour . . .

Who are we to make "odious comparisons" in noble service and gallant sacrifice? We all know the debt we owe to the men and women of our own blood and our kinsmen from every part of the British Commonwealth.

WE ALL REALISE WITH GRATITUDE AND ADMIRATION THE GALLANTRY OF GREECE AND THE VALOUR OF FREE MEN FIGHTING IN OUR CAUSE, THOUGH THEIR NATIVE COUNTRIES ARE TEMPORARILY OVER-RUN BY THE ENEMY.

Without Fear or Favour

★

By THE EDITOR

But **John Bull** writes this particular article to voice the thanks of the British Commonwealth to "Uncle Sam." We take this Easter opportunity to shake the hands of our cousins and comrades across three thousand miles of grey Atlantic Ocean.

We salute President Roosevelt as our most powerful supporter. We hail his countrymen—Democrats or Republicans, it makes no matter—as our true friends.

And we count upon America to join with us in building the better world we are planning to construct when Hitler's "New Order" has passed utterly away.

Heaven save and prosper the United States. Without them we might have lost the last war. With their help, we shall gain the victory in this one and turn it to glorious account.

There are, no doubt, some Americans, just as there are some few of our own folk, who do not yet appreciate the scope and world importance of the new Anglo-American "alliance"—for an alliance it is in all but name.

History books—the common history books that are taken as gospel by far too many youngsters in every country—are full of errors. They distort the facts. They are coloured by dangerous nationalism.

IN THE COMING DAYS OF THE ANGLO-AMERICAN WORLD PEACE WE BELIEVE THAT HISTORY WILL BE WRITTEN NEWLY AND MORE TRULY FOR STUDENTS ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC.

Meanwhile this generation has the proof that blood is thicker than water. It sees and knows that common ideals count for more than money or money's worth. It glories in the shared heritage of a noble language and high traditions.

It has witnessed the triumphant reassertion of that democratic faith which has been challenged by the Powers of Darkness, but must burn on for ever, lest light and freedom and human happiness be banished from the earth.

John Bull tells you, soberly and seriously, that we owe the United States, not only "more than we can ever hope to repay," but far more than we shall ever be asked to repay.

We tell you that, with or without a declaration of war, America is already "fighting" on our side.

We want you to realise that "Uncle Sam" is backing us to the limit of his almost boundless resources.

It is true that there is no one-sided bargain between us, and that we are fighting his battles as well as our own.

But the old debts have been largely forgotten; the ancient feuds and grievances and jealousies have almost been wiped off the slate of public memory; for the sake of the great purpose which inspires us both.

"Uncle Sam's" last dollar is at our command. It will prove the "Almighty Dollar" in this war for a better world.

It is always ungracious to look a gift horse in the mouth, but it is worse than ungracious—it is base ingratitude—to question the motive of the man who is trying to save your life.

America IS trying to "save our lives." When the war broke out opinion in the United States was divided upon several issues. The American public generally hated "Hitlerism" and all it stands for, but there were many who felt that Hitler's strength had been built up, largely, on our weakness.

Moreover, in the States there was, just as there had been here, a strong body of "isolationist" opinion.

It was not at all surprising. Europe to the Americans must have seemed almost as far away as China seemed to us when we were, broadly speaking, in sympathy with the Chinese, but by no means prepared to intervene on their behalf.

Again, the people of America looked back upon the previous war with very mixed feelings. Most of their debtors had defaulted and, in the end, we, too, found that we could not pay what, technically, we owed.

John Bull IS OF THE OPINION THAT, BUT FOR THE BLUNDERING OF MR. STANLEY BALDWIN, AS HE THEN WAS, AND THE PREPOSTEROUS "SETTLEMENT" HE EFFECTED, WHICH SETTLED NOTHING BUT THE CERTAINTY OF ULTIMATE DEFAULT, THE UNITED STATES COULD HAVE BEEN PERSUADED TO WASH OUT THE OLD SCORES.

THERE were faults on both sides. President Wilson had left Europe his "fourteen points" as the basis for peace, but his fellow citizens repudiated him and left us with nothing but the points to sit on.

Indeed, the League of Nations was crippled at the outset by the withdrawal of its potentially most influential and most disinterested member.

Afterwards, through all the troubled years which led up to the present "resumption of hostilities," we and our American friends watched each other like two members of the same family who "have had words" and are still sulking.

All that has changed. To-day the people of America have an affection for us such as they have never had since the Declaration of Independence.

They appreciated the fact that, even in our darkest hour, we never presumed to tell them where their duty lay. We were frank with them and open. We paid for whatever material help they let us have until we had almost nothing left to pay with.

And as the Battle of Britain wore on and the Nazis rained destruction upon us, and could neither break nor shake our spirits, all America was stirred to sympathy and moved to comradeship.

They saw how we could "take it," and they observed with growing respect how we could "dish it out." They said to themselves: "These Britishers are grand guys after all. They believe in the things we believe in. They'll never quit. It's time we gave them a real hand."

You know the rest—the triumphant return of Roosevelt to a third term of office; the sinking of American Party differences; the passage of the Lease and Lend Bill; the colossal appropriation of £1,750,000,000 as financial "first aid" to our common cause.

Day by day and in every way the United States is increasing its help to the British Commonwealth.

WE are already drawing heavily upon this immense "arsenal of democracy," and its workers are speeding up their efforts to send us more planes, more guns, more goods.

MOREOVER, THEY MEAN TO SEE THAT THEY DO NOT LABOUR IN VAIN. IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, AMERICA WILL CERTAINLY PLAY ITS PART IN THE VITAL BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC WHICH MUST BE WON BEFORE FINAL VICTORY IS WITHIN SIGHT.

We have, it is true, paid "something on account" for help received, but that very payment—the concession of Atlantic bases to the U.S. Navy—is proof of the new trust and true friendship which binds our countries together.

For, though we have two Navies, they police the Seven Seas to protect us both. Though they fly two separate flags, they both sail under the colours of freedom, justice and the rights of man.

For all this and for much beside; for present help in time of trouble, and for the assurance of lasting comradeship in the days of peace and the work of reconstruction, **John Bull** says once more:

"THANK YOU, UNCLE SAM."

HUMAN MACHINE

Training Ground

● Finest epitaph for anyone would be just this: "He kept his head."

Those four simple words mean such a lot. They imply such a lot. They reveal such a lot. How many of us would ever be really worthy of them?

Ability to keep cool when everything and everybody is urging haste and confusion and panic is one to be cultivated at all costs. It is an ability the gods themselves might envy.

Where so many go wrong is in thinking that only the big occasion can call it forth or prove it to be lacking.

But the real training-ground is that multitude of little things, little happenings, little annoyances, and trivial crises that make up everyday life.

Unless we can keep calm and collected and cool under these circumstances, what hope have we when the big strain comes along?

It is true that the man who can keep his head is the man who can think clearly and act decisively; who has his temper and his emotions under control; who is neither timid nor rash; who is neither vain nor shrinking; who is, above all else, adaptable.

Is this, then, a description of the ideal man? Not at all—every day there are numbers of people demonstrating its truth, quite ordinary people like you!

They have learned in the only school where such lessons are taught—in the petty trials and battles of daily life.

They have simply done as you can do—formed the *habit* of coolness, by unremitting practice. There is no other way. There is no royal road to heroism.

OPEN LETTERS

Admiral JEAN DARLAN, Vichy's Vice-Premier

DEAR ADMIRAL,—I understand your fury against Britain. The man who deserts an old ally always bears him a bitter grudge.

Besides, it must be maddening to find that we know all about your secret pact to supply Hitler with war materials.

But do not let your rage blind you to the strength of our determination.

We shall not allow a great hole to be torn in our blockade. We shall not abandon our right to search your convoys, even though they slink through Spanish territorial waters.

It has long been plain that you wish to pick a quarrel with us.

We are not eager to oblige.

But last week's skirmish, and our answer to the "extremely sharp" Note from Vichy, should convince you that our patience has limits.

I foresee a fresh attempt by Hitler to gain control of your fleet since the Italian navy has been so disastrously mauled.

You would not find it expedient to yield and thus to surpass the treachery of that triple-traitor Laval.

Honour has not been completely destroyed in France, even by the weight of Nazi pressure or the intrigues of self-seeking politicians.

And the British are not so drowsy as some French generals proved to be.

Think it over!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ROBERT HUDSON, M.P., Ministry of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—Time would have to stand still to allow some of your officials to catch up with themselves.

A Surrey farmer has bought ten acres of rough land Ditches have not been cleaned for years; brambles overrun the fields and orchards.

He applied for drainage assistance two months ago. He was told the drainage officer would attend. Maybe he will—next year.

Incidentally, ploughing subsidy has been refused because the land is not considered suitable.

I thought your Ministry was anxious to reclaim rough land for cultivation. Or is it just fooling the farmers and the public?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. P. A. HANNSON, Prime Minister of Sweden

DEAR SIR,—Congratulations to your country on planning a £600,000 Institute of Brain Research, including a special section for mental criminals.

So now we know how to dispose of Adolf when the war's over.—JOHN BULL.

The COUNCIL, Whitstable

GENTLEMEN,—An employer who had paid rates for more than thirty years has been ruined by the war. He and his wife have to live on 30s. a week allowed by the U.A.B.

Though he managed to borrow £12 to pay rates, you issued a summons for the remainder—£26 odd—and won an order to distrain upon his furniture.

There is an ancient adage about getting blood from a stone, but I fear you have never heard of it.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P., Minister of Home Security

DEAR SIR,—Your fire-watching scheme, which started off with so loud a bang, is waning into a mere fizz.

It is not enough that millions of citizens have volunteered and drawn up excellent schemes.

It will not be good enough until the laggards are recruited and an adequate scheme enforced in *every* district, *every* road.

Your new concession is only a compromise. Volunteers will still be asked to serve forty-eight hours a month.

It is preposterous that they should be unable to obtain steel helmets and the stirrup pumps so necessary to tackle many fire bombs.

If all fit persons were made to do their bit no one need be on duty for forty-eight hours a month.

If adequate provision had been made, many buildings could have been saved in the recent blitz at Plymouth.

Manchester is now to make fire-watching compulsory for all young men. Why only Manchester?—JOHN BULL.

The CLERK, Rochford Rural Council, Essex

DEAR SIR,—Criticism has followed your appointment as chief officer of the fire brigade—and rightly so.

Besides being clerk to the council and fire brigade commander, you are also A.R.P. control officer and food officer.

What do you do in your spare time?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir ANDREW DUNCAN, Minister of Supply

DEAR SIR,—There is far too little salvage from bombed premises.

Not only is timber burned, but materials are left to be spoiled by bad weather.

One man offered to buy thousands of good bricks from a demolished Yorkshire chapel. He was rebuffed.

The bricks have been removed by lorries and tipped on a rubbish dump. Yet they are far better than those being used to build shelters in the district!—JOHN BULL.

Major C. LLOYD GEORGE, Ministry of Food

DEAR MAJOR,—It is right that miners and farm-hands should have a special cheese ration. It is wrong to ignore the needs of men who toil in the hellish heat of the blast furnaces.

It is damnably unfair that the steelmaker's wife has to make up her man's "bait" from the meagre family rations—for very few steelworks have canteens.—JOHN BULL.

Commander FIREBRACE, London Fire Brigade

DEAR COMMANDER,—Though your men object to the title of "heroes," they cannot object to being described as the war's doughtiest workers.

I am glad it has been revealed that, on the night of the Second Great Fire of London, they dealt with 1,780 outbreaks—even more one night last month.

I am glad, because it is a reminder not only of the firemen's enormous task but of the fine direction by which you and other senior officers enabled their bravery to triumph.—JOHN BULL.

The COUNCIL, Law Society

GENTLEMEN,—A regular soldier has been trying to sue for divorce since 1937

So I reported last December. At once you called for the papers in the case. Four months further have elapsed, and still he cannot even get his case considered by the Poor Persons' Committee.

The Law is undoubtedly slow, but lawyers seem slower than a lame tortoise.—JOHN BULL.

The CORPORATION, Manchester

GENTLEMEN,—Readers complain that some ninety men, who have tilled allotments in Pink Bank Lane for years, have been given notice to quit. They are told that the land is needed for brick-making.

Are bricks more important than food? Is it not just idiotic to beg people to Dig for Victory while preventing other people from doing so?—JOHN BULL.

Sir GEORGE WILKINSON, Lord Mayor of London

MY LORD MAYOR,—Gifts from your Air Raid Fund bear a label to say that letters of thanks may be forwarded through the Women's Voluntary Services.

Now, the W.V.S. are busy enough distributing the gifts without spending hours of unnecessary clerking, and they do not want raid victims to think it incumbent on them to send letters of thanks.

You will agree, I feel sure, that it would be a gracious gesture on the part of your officials to dispense with the labels.—JOHN BULL.

WITH BEVIN'S ARMY: II.

Z-O-O-M! Another Spitfire leaves the factory line to soar into the blue. And MAURICE FAGENCE, describing the marvels of its making, recalls how he saw the "machine that saved an Empire" grow from the Schneider Trophy winner on the right

Cold Steel Pulled Like Rubber!

OUT of the huge aircraft factory came a brand-new Spitfire—"the machine that saved the British Empire."

It had been completed only a few minutes before.

Into its cockpit crawled the chief test pilot, young, fresh-faced, eager.

His the job of putting ten times more strain on it than it should get from a Service flier, even in a fight with Jerry.

He waved a hand at me while flying upside-down—and was lost in the mist to risk his life in a multitude of other necessary acrobatic tricks.

Even as he flew, another new Spitfire trundled out of the factory.

"And just to think," said a voice beside me, "that ten years ago this site was a swamp with frogs croaking on it."

Birth of the Spitfire

Ten years ago! About that time I stood beside another swamp.

At Calshot. With R. J. Mitchell, the world's greatest aeroplane designer.

I didn't know it at the time—but I was watching the birth of the Spitfire.

We called his machine the Vickers Supermarine Rolls-Royce S 6 then.

It used to scream over our heads as straight as a bullet. No aerobatics, because it was imagined that no human being could travel at such a speed and swerve to any extent.

Men sitting at little boxes used to rush to "Mitch." to tell him the speed.

He was never satisfied.

The machine, fitted with floats then, would come down. It would be towed out of the sea.

"Mitch." would give it another "once-over."

He would give a few simple directions—and his machine was assured of another five or ten miles an hour.

So he kept on—till the authorities came to him and said: "Turn that machine into a fighter for us. It'll be the fastest in the world. We'll give you a year."

A year was just long enough.

I came out of my reverie as the test pilot came to earth.

Just then, a third Spitfire was disgorged from the factory.

I wondered: "What would 'Mitch.' have thought?"

Thousands of workpeople make Spitfires here.

Raw materials go in at one end—Spitfires come out at the other.

"Mitch." the genius who gave us the Spitfire—and didn't live to see it fly

"Mitch." used to stop flying for a day or so to scrap a bracing-wire!

Now I am inside the factory.

I stand before the most valuable tool in Britain — the Cincinnati milling machine. America supplied it.

Wouldn't the Germans like one! If we gave them the plans it would take them years to make one.

Wouldn't they like to destroy those we have! They won't find it easy. We have built a fortress of concrete and brick round each one.

This machine accepts a sheet of metal—*cold* metal—and with a 600-tons pull stretches it over a shaped object until it takes on the shape of the object.

It could make the hulls of motor-boats at the rate of one a minute by stretching metal over something the shape of a boat-hull.

Stretched into Shape

Yes, the metal actually stretches from cold. It stretches over some complicated shape as easily as you could stretch a piece of balloon indiarubber over an apple.

Somebody has to make the shapes over which the cold metal is stretched.

That is where Joe Simmons comes in.

When I saw him he was cutting a two-ton block of milled zinc and spelter to a shape as complicated as your sugar-bowl—with no other tool than a chisel.

That huge mass has to be accurate to one ten-thousandth of an inch.

Joe used to make patterns for cheap jewellery.

But he knows the name of R. J. Mitchell.

"An American millionaire gave us £3,000 to provide a machine in Mitchell's memory," he said.

There were sounds suggesting that ten thousand big drums and kettle-drums were being banged as I approached one monster "shop."

No wonder. As far as the eye could see in all directions men were beating sheets of metal into 550 different fantastic shapes.

One of the men made an unblushing confession to me as to his pre-war trade.

He used to beat our "Oriental" brass plates and vases for Libya and Morocco, where they were bought by British tourists as mementoes of the romantic East!

The Hobby Expert

Another took up metal work as a hobby during years of unemployment.

"One of the most capable men in the factory," he is now described.

If men with such hobbies heed Ernest Bevin's appeal to report to the nearest Employment Exchange, the British war effort will be vastly augmented.

Elsewhere I saw what might have been a complete aeroplane factory of the last war.

Skilled seamstresses were sewing fabric over the movable parts of Spitfire wings and tail units.

One hears many sneers at fabric aeroplanes—but quite a lot of the Spitfire is covered in the old-fashioned way.

Fabric gives sharper, quicker control—that thousandth of a second quicker response that sends a Messerschmitt plunging to its doom.

There was no mistaking the paint shop.

One of the workers had declared his love for "Lily" on the factory wall in letters as high as himself.

Metal parts are made bright, weather-proof and non-corroding by the Anodic process.

Chromium would add a new layer to the metal, which isn't advisable when you have worked to very exact measurements.

The Anodic treatment changes the nature of the top surface of a metal—to give the same result.

I saw a brown, canvas-like material being stretched over petrol tanks.

Stab it with a knife, and the hole will heal up under your eyes at once.

Fire a bullet into one of these self-sealing petrol tanks, and the hole will close up with the first spurt of petrol.

I saw them making the backbone of the Spitfire, which extends from wing-tip to wing-tip.

It appears at first sight to be a thick circular tube of steel—but there are really five tubes, one inside the other.

Then this thick tube is crushed until it is square.

Next it is tapered towards the ends, so that one tube fades away a certain distance from the engine, then another, and so on till only the smallest inner tube is left.

Next, this tube is cut in half. Then in half again. And it finishes at the end of the wing almost as sharp as a needle.

They had a wing sent back the other day—as a defect. Experts cast a very worried eye on it.

Every Spitfire part is made to a safety factor of ten, and that means, I was told, that every part is just twenty times as strong as it need be.

And here was a wing coldly rejected as defective.

Before rebuilding it in the aircraft "hospital," they made a few inquiries.

A young blood who had been flying that Spitfire at 30,000 ft. saw a German 27,000 ft. beneath him.

He put that Spitfire down in a dive which must have far exceeded 600 miles an hour.

"And did you pull her smack out of the dive?" they asked him.

"I did," he confessed. "I PULLED THE STICK RIGHT BACK—BANG, JUST LIKE THAT. I WAS DETERMINED TO GET THE BLIGHTER, AND I DID."

And now a word about the general principles of Spitfire-building.

The thousands of small parts are made—then rushed to sub-assembly shops, where units are put together.

The units are moved into stores, from which they are withdrawn as required by the assembly hands.

There are "progress men" every inch of the way to hustle the stuff along.

Not a bracket, not a nut, can get held up or lost in a corner on the way.

Safety in Triplicate

Every single process is being done in different parts of Britain. So that not even the luckiest—or unluckiest—bomb can hold up Spitfire production by an hour.

And so we approach the final process—fitting the Rolls-Royce engine.

Royce, who evolved it, was a Council School boy, like "Mitch.," whose genius gave us this miracle machine.

It is dropped into a cradle of tubes which look no stronger than a bicycle frame. (But "Mitch." knew what he was doing. Each cradle is a perfect cantilever.)

It is held in position by four comparatively small bolts. (Again "Mitch." was making no mistake. Any three would hold it with a terrific margin of safety.)

Then, before the armament is fitted, the test pilot appears at the door.

"The last was just perfect," he said. "I gave her her 1261"—the document which means that the Air Ministry has taken her over—"in twenty minutes."

The best ever was the one which bore the name of R. J. Mitchell.

The workers saw to that!

Mr. Richard Law, Financial Secretary to the War Office, should talk to the Treasury about victims of these soldier joy-riders

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

THE CAMP SCANDAL

DISQUIET is growing in the House of Commons.

M.P.s are becoming more and more inquisitive, more and more uneasy, as fresh evidence arrives of the appalling waste in the building of Army camps and aerodromes.

They are by no means satisfied with the Government's handling of what has become the greatest scandal of the war.

I predict that Mr. Churchill will soon be faced by a very strong demand for an open judicial inquiry.

Latest shot in the campaign has been fired by "the nation's watchdog"—the Select Committee on National Expenditure.

This fearless Parliamentary Committee states that sites chosen for aerodromes were waterlogged.

It confirms the view that there was "delay, waste, misunderstanding, and ill-feeling."

Far graver, however, is the case against the War Office.

CAMPS SCHEDULED TO COST £21,000,000 ACTUALLY MULCTED THE TAXPAYER OF £30,000,000.

My readers will know how the money was misspent.

Even before war broke out JOHN BULL was revealing examples of disgraceful extravagance and the most flagrant dishonesty.

Huge sums were squandered by erecting buildings and then pulling them down again.

Camps where no one had thought about drainage. Camps where slackers and grafters were encouraged by an utter lack of supervision!

Workers "clocked in" at one gate and immediately walked out through another, returning at night to qualify for a day's pay.

Sometimes they went on to another camp in the vicinity and repeated the trick, thus drawing double wages for doing nothing.

Foremen filled their cars with stolen timber, glass, nails and kegs of putty.

The damnable "costs-plus-profits" system offered a premium for incompetence and waste.

ROOFS had to be torn off because no provision had been made for ventilation.

A wonderful washhouse was opened for use before somebody discovered that there was nowhere for the water to drain.

One contractor bought cement for a gigantic job at 51s. a ton when the War Office price was 42s. 9d. a ton delivered.

The greater the cost, the greater the profit for the builders!

But the long process of extravagance began even before the foundations of buildings were laid.

The Government allowed itself to be bamboozled by landlords.

Owners of derated agricultural land wanted for a new aerodrome demanded £43,626.

The Air Ministry had an independent valuation of £17,220. Yet it eventually paid £32,000.

For another site, ground that had been bought two years previously for £15 an acre, fetched exactly ten times as much.

For a third aerodrome, a landlord presented the Air Ministry with a bill for £90,000. He admitted he had paid only £8,000 for the land six years before.

In the end, he was fobbed off with £11,850!

Successive reports of the Select Committee have emphasised the complaints of inefficiency and reckless spending.

Moreover, Parliament itself has recommended a special inquiry into allegations "of a serious character" against contractors and officials.

Instead, the Government has decided to submit papers to a High Court judge to decide whether there are any *prima facie* cases of waste and dishonesty.

Note how far short this action falls short of Parliamentary and public demand.

There is no guarantee that *all* the papers will be submitted to the judge.

There is no assurance that every aspect of the matter will be considered necessary for the judge's examination.

YOU will remember that two Army officers and a civil engineer were dismissed after making grave charges concerning the building of Army camps.

M.P.s cannot obtain a promise that these charges will be publicly investigated.

One M.P., refusing to allow the matter to be dropped, declares that "the Government is trying to hush it up because it does not want some of the facts to come out."

I do not pretend to endorse this statement. I do not know what motives are actuating the Cabinet.

But I do know that suspicion will not be allayed unless the Cabinet agrees to a comprehensive and open inquiry.

It is certainly a pity that, in the midst of the most fateful period of the war, such a task should have to be undertaken.

But it is sometimes essential that dirty linen should be washed in public. It is essential now.

For this reason:

We must be satisfied that any persons responsible for wholesale waste—or worse—are no longer in positions where they can repeat their disservice to the community.

That is even more important than the need to punish them for past misdeeds.

I appeal to Mr. Churchill to bow to M.P.s' demands before delay forces tempers to rise still higher.

No Money for Army Joy-Ride Victims

CIVILIAN motor drivers are being made to pay for the recklessness of soldiers who "borrow" Service cars for joy-riding.

Though the Crown cannot be sued, a War Office Claims Commission makes equitable settlements, where it is proved that a soldier driver is responsible for an accident—but only if he is on duty.

If, as is happening increasingly, the soldier has "borrowed" the car when off duty, the only redress the civilian has is the remote possibility of a small compassionate payment.

Certain M.P.s intend to question the War Minister about this unfair distinction.

How serious the position is becoming may be judged from the alarming fact that War Department vehicles are being involved in accidents at the rate of 300 a day. A substantial proportion is found to come under the heading of joy-riding.

One in Every Six

In the last four months of 1940 one in every six adults killed in road accidents in England and Wales was a member of the Forces.

One in every seven of the vehicles concerned in road fatalities in the same period was a military car or lorry.

Here is a case which shows how unfair it is to a civilian motorist who may be involved in an accident for which he is in no way to blame.

A business man who had made a temporary stop close in on his proper side of the road was run into by a soldier who had "borrowed" an armoured type of car for his joy-ride.

His car was damaged considerably. Fortunately the occupants escaped injury.

The soldier, who at the time was in mufti, was court-martialled and sentenced to three months' detention.

Later he appeared before the civil court on a charge of dangerous driving. An officer from his unit stated that he was a good soldier.

He was fined 5s. Service drivers do not have licences, so there could be no endorsement.

The civilian whose car was so badly damaged was insured for third party risk only. He therefore could not make any claim on his own insurance company.

So this business man, deprived of the use of his car while it was being repaired, had also been put to considerable expense in getting home after the collision and attending the court-martial and the civil court.

Not a Penny!

Not a penny could be recovered, simply because he was the innocent victim of the carelessness of a soldier joy-riding in a War Department car.

The moral, of course, is that all motorists should have a comprehensive insurance policy, but not all civilians, particularly those in business in these difficult times, can afford the full premium.

But, whatever the moral may be, the distinction is unfair, and in all such cases the Treasury should be moved to make an ex-gratia grant.

Rogues in Uniform

HEAVIER sentences are needed if the growing number of rogues who masquerade in officers' uniforms are to be stopped.

New cases are constantly coming to light.

One man gave himself a title in addition to an unauthorised uniform and has obtained expensive goods, including gold cigarette cases.

Another convinced people he was a D.F.C. pilot and obtained considerable sums by fraud.

A third has defrauded a number of hotels in the guise of a R.A.F. Wing-Commander with the V.C.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. Le Gilbert, of Suffolk Street, Hove, 3, receives this week's £1 1s. for sending me details of a matter that fully warrants investigation. Write to me about any such subject, and mark your envelopes "Public Benefactor."

KEY FEE RAMP IS HERE AGAIN

THE "key money" ramp of the last war is here again. Soon after peace was declared and people wanted new homes during the acute housing shortage, as much as £100 was charged as a premium for "the key."

* * *

As there is a tremendous demand at present in "safer" areas for houses rentable in the neighbourhood of £150 a year, the difficulty of finding them has brought about a fresh outbreak of this old and discredited racket.

In a Manchester district a few weeks ago a man seeking a house was quite casually asked for £80 as key money.

The matter is to be raised in the House of Commons shortly, where, I hope, the question of rent profiteering will also receive attention.

* * *

I know of cases where houses rented by owners at 8s. 6d. a week are fetching three times as much; others for which owners pay £1 weekly are bringing in £4 and £5 a week. One house, rented at 22s. 6d., is being offered at ten guineas—furnished!

Tenants are so anxious to get accommodation out of London that they themselves often encourage the payment of premiums. Recently one advertisement appeared offering "£35 REWARD to anyone finding an unfurnished house in a 'safe' district."

There is only one remedy. Deliberate traffickers in "key-money" and high-rental rackets should be prosecuted.

Dusky Scares for Wops

GLEAMING THROUGH THE STILL ALL TOO BRIEF STORIES OF THE AFRICAN FIGHTING IS THE MATCHLESS HEROISM OF THE EMPIRE'S DUSKY WARRIORS. WHAT A BLUNDER HITLER MADE WHEN HE THOUGHT THEY WOULD NOT FIGHT!

By Harry Gregson

LYING in a military hospital in Khartoum, suffering from split eardrums, exhaustion and shock, is a twenty-one-year-old Indian officer, who performed what his commander described as "one of the longest continued feats of sheer, cold courage" he had ever met.

A second-lieutenant of Indian sappers, this officer was given the death-flirting job of removing Italian mines from the Metemma-Gondar road during the advance into Abyssinia.

In one stretch of four miles there were 14 separate mine-fields with up to 300 mines in each.

Although the officer was twice blown up, being in each case the only survivor of the party, he refused to be relieved, even after forty-eight hours' continuous work.

He merely said: "I think I've learned the Italians' system of mine-laying. Any relieving officer would have to learn it all over again."

And then simply, without a suspicion of boasting: "Anyway, I don't think he could do the job as well as I can"!

That's only one little incident in the saga of the gallantry of the coloured troops of the British Empire.

No one has compelled them to fight; they leapt to the call as keenly as they scrambled up mountain heights to attack the Italians outside Keren.

Indians were the first of the Empire troops to take up their station in the Middle East

What a Mistake!

Their daring has swept away the last wisps in the hallucination of the Nazis and Fascists that the coloured people in the Empire would turn on us the moment war was declared.

Goebbels and his hyena-like Italian followers had so distorted the story of British rule in these lands that even the normal-minded people in Germany and Italy thought it was true.

What a mistake they made!

No Empire in history has been able to command such devoted loyalty.

That goes for them all—brown-skinned Malays, dusky Sikhs, Punjabis, Bengalis, Mahrattas and Pathans, glossy-skinned Somalis, coal-black Sudanese and tribal-scarred Gold Coast soldiers.

And what fighters they are!

The giant, red-haired Pathan from the North-West Frontier, who scaled a precipitous cliff under heavy machine-gun fire, and, standing on the knife-edged summit, hurled defiance at the Italians defending Keren, typifies India's spirit.

Hitler may rant about British oppression of natives, but our black Gold Coast soldiers who, after deftly manœuvring their 3.7 howitzers, charged through burning scrub to rout the Italians on the Juba River, gave him the lie.

Sudanese, Negro and Arab, with hand-picked British officers who speak Arabic, have conducted a "nerve war" without parallel in East Africa.

Crawling, knife in teeth, into the Italian-held town of Kassala, twenty miles behind the Italian front, they so frightened the "Wops" that all doors were locked and bolted at night.

To the Italian sentries, who breathed their last as they glimpsed the ivory-white teeth of the Sudanese scouts, were added numerous casualties caused by mistaken shots at their own men.

And to-day yet another native force rallies to Britain to avenge the wrongs of a White oppressor.

There flies over Carabinieri posts in conquered Libya a flag showing a white crescent with a star on black background.

It is the flag of Libya, borne by persecuted sons of the Libyan desert, who fled from Mussolini's barbed-wire frontier barriers to find liberty in Egypt.

For five months this British-Arab force has quietly assembled in Egypt.

Now, with the blessing of Sayed Mohamed Idris, famous rebel and grandson of the founder of the Senussi sect, they police Libya for Britain.

It is difficult to pick and choose between these Empire fighters.

Are the Gurkhas, with their dread kukri (curved knives), better scouts than the always cheerful natives from the Northern Territories of the Gold Coast?

Both have infinite patience. Both are skilled exponents of the "silent approach."

The feat of the Gurkha who killed five Italian askaris by simulating death until his enemies came within striking distance is equalled by that of the Gold Coast recruit who killed his captors and wandered for five days and nights without compass, food or water over the desert to reach a British outpost.

Are the Punjabis, who, after ten days' hard fighting, attacked the Gogni Ridge in Eritrea, yielded it to overwhelmingly superior forces, and then counter-attacked, capturing 3,000 Italians, equal in tenacity to the Somalis, outnumbered ten to one, who held the hills outside Berbera until evacuation was safely carried out?

Fighting Traditions

Courage is a virtue of all our Empire troops, who are chosen from tribes with fighting traditions going back hundreds of years.

In this war they are getting their chance.

The last war gave our Indian troops foot-slogging, rain and Flanders mud. True, they rendered yeoman service in Egypt and Palestine, and the charge of the Jodhpur and Mysore Lancers which resulted in the capture of Haifa was an epic for which Napoleon's capture of Danzig offers the only precedent; but largely it was a war of human cannon-fodder.

To-day our Empire troops are skilled men.

Mechanised Indian troops charged through a smoke barrage at Sidi Barrani to capture Italian tanks, while the drivers were still warming up their engines.

Delicate, dusky fingers direct the fire of Bren guns at Italian bombers.

Almost every Indian unit in Malaya, where Indians provide a vital contribution to the defence of Singapore, is provided with its own motor transport.

The drivers are Indians, mechanics are Indian. The whole complicated paraphernalia of modern warfare is taught them.

In Sudan the troopers of the Sudan Defence Force handle crackling radios and drive fast British-made motor-cycles. So proud are they of their crash helmets that they seldom take them off, even when sleeping!

Camels to Trucks

The Somaliland Camel Corps is no longer a truly camel corps. Often the "camels" are Ford trucks, driven at breakneck speed over the desert.

Even the famous Bikaner Camel Corps, provided by the Maharajah of Bikaner, can find use for motorised vehicles.

But the training in mountain and forest warfare, to which the North-West Frontier and the jungle of the Gold Coast are so eminently suited, is also of great value.

There are few troops to equal in speed and precision the black artillerymen of the Gold Coast Regiment when they take to pieces and carry in packs the entire components of a light howitzer.

Bearded Sikhs put up magnificent performances in the quick-time teamwork which produces fast and accurate gunnery in mountainous Eritrea.

Earned Indian Embrace

New Zealand military drivers who rushed the Indians into action at Sidi Barrani were so overcome with admiration by their gallantry that they abandoned the usual handshake in favour of the Indian embrace.

There are the Sudanese who, ordered to retreat in face of harassing fire, said: "What, fall back? That's what we are going to make the Italians do."

Then there are the many thousands of Indian seamen, who brave U-boat, mine, raider and bomber, to bring materials to our arsenals.

Now the Empire is girding its loins.

The smoking chimneys of India's ordnance factories, the ruby mines of Malaya, which provide us with jewels for aircraft precision instruments, the tin mines of Malaya, the jute fields of Bengal, and the manifold economic resources of the South Seas, are providing the sinews for a gigantic war effort.

As the war equipment flows from the factories, the Empire provides also the men.

Recruiting offices are congested with volunteers of every description. India alone will shortly provide a first army of 500,000 men.

Britain, mistress of the seas, can point proudly to her outposts from the China Seas to Suez, manned eagerly by loyal black, brown, yellow and swarthy men, representing nearly every race on earth.

To those who accuse her of domineering Imperialism, she can quote the Biblical proverb: Judge the tree by the fruits thereof.

SHE IS ITALY'S WITCH

TOPPLING down with Italy is a woman who, in history, will rank with Hitler and his Nazi gang chiefs in the evil plot to strangle civilisation.

She is Edda, Countess Ciano, Mussolini's ambitious daughter.

Edda, who dresses in mannish style, has "worn the trousers" in the Duce's family for years.

Mussolini, usually intolerant of interference by anyone else, seems never to have been able to refuse his eccentric daughter a single wish.

He even consented to promote that third-rate diplomat whom she selected as a husband to be Italy's Foreign Minister. His dream was that she would become the mother of a dynasty of Mussolinis, a real Queen of Italy.

Edda gathered around her those Radical Fascists who always wanted to do away with the Italian Royal Family. A success in the war against us, she thought, would so strengthen the hands of her father and the Fascist Party that he could achieve this.

Some years ago Edda came to London. But Britain was not impressed, though it was realised that she was an extraordinarily evil woman.

Edda returned to Italy, disappointed and offended.

She found compensation when she visited Berlin.

Goebbels, with whom she shares many traits of character, and Goering, who is as vain as Edda herself, received her like a queen. They meant to use her for their own purpose.

She "wears the trousers" in the Duce's family

Edda, in turn, saw in Hitler the man who would make war, a war in which Italy, she thought, could join and succeed.

Her mind was made up; the Axis had no more eager architect.

Edda travelled to Germany frequently. She saw Goering name his daughter after her. She impressed her father with what she had seen and heard in Germany.

And in days when even Mussolini hesitated, Edda emerged from the coast castle of the old Roman Emperor Tiberius to incite him to action, to war.

Now she has her war. Now, with Germans occupying half of Italy, she has that perfect Axis collaboration for which she craved.

However Edda feels, the woman who once was *the* political power in Italy is finished.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

DRAKE'S BROOD

Another article in this stirring series will appear next week.

FORWARD! says A.G.G

. . . because, despite all obstacles that still lie ahead, we at last have the precious weapon of initiative. There are grounds for calculated optimism, and A. G. Gardiner tells you why

IT is a sound maxim not to halloo before you are out of the wood. We are not out of the wood. Far from it.

But the tremendous events of the past six weeks mark a profound, it may be a decisive, change in the course of the war. That change may be summed up in one fact.

THE INITIATIVE HAS PASSED FROM HITLER TO US. THE FLOWING TIDE IS NO LONGER WITH HIM. IT IS AGAINST HIM.

If you want the measure of this fact, let me remind you that Wednesday was the 9th of April. On that day a year ago Hitler's *blitzkrieg*, which was to end the war last summer, began with the invasion of Norway.

For ten weeks onward he swept the western seaboard of Europe like a torrent. Nation after nation crumpled before him. Our one ally, France, went down like a house of cards.

We stood alone against an embattled Europe with nothing but the Straits of Dover between us and the fate that had befallen the rest. To the outside world all seemed over bar the final "kill."

That final "kill" was so assured, so immediate, that even the jackals from Rome to Tokyo rushed in to share the loot.

The United States, plunged in the maelstrom of its Presidential election, gave us up for lost.

That was a year ago. Set against the background of those nightmare days, the sensational happenings of the past two months, and you will have the measure of the change that has swept over the scene.

THE ROMAN EMPIRE OF THE BRAGGART MUSSOLINI IS IN THE DUST. THE THREAT TO THE SUEZ HAS GONE LIKE A CLOUD FROM THE SKY.

The mighty victory of Matapan has established our unchallenged dominion of the Mediterranean and sent a thrill of astonished admiration round the globe.

In Greece we have found an heroic ally whose example has lit the flame of resistance in Yugoslavia.

Hitler's whole strategy has been shattered. It has never recovered from the terrific check it received in the Battle of Britain last August and September, and everything that has happened since has thwarted his plans.

His campaign of terror against this island has only hardened the inflexible will of our people.

Italy has ceased to be an asset to him, and has become a liability.

HE HOLDS UP THE TOTTERING FIGURE OF THE WRETCHED MUSSOLINI IN THE MIDST OF A PEOPLE WHO HATE THE GERMANS, AND ARE IN DESPAIR AT THE RUIN THAT HAS BEEN BROUGHT UPON THEM.

The thing he most feared, a war on two fronts, has come upon him.

He has committed himself so deeply to the invasion of England that he dare not "cut his loss" as Napoleon did in 1805. He dare not for two reasons.

The first is that he could not win this war without the conquest of Britain. The second is that to confess openly that he cannot invade Britain, cannot even attempt to invade Britain, would destroy the whole legend of his invincibility.

It would be the writing on the wall to the German people. It would be the first intimation of the defeat that awaits them.

No, whether he makes the attempt or not, he must keep up the show of invasion.

He must keep his mighty armies on the shores from Norway to the Bay of Biscay waiting for the launching of a blow the success of which becomes more hazardous with every day that passes.

And meantime he must have victories to show to his people. While he is standing still he is losing ground.

STILL MORE IS HE LOSING GROUND AS THE KNOWLEDGE OF WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, IN AFRICA AND IN THE BALKANS SEEPS THROUGH TO THE HUNGRY SHEEP PENNED OFF FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

In this dilemma he has turned to the Balkans to prove that he still "rides the whirlwind and directs the storm."

BUT events have anticipated him here. Mussolini's catastrophic collapse in Africa and Albania, the resounding victory of Matapan, the defiance of Greece, and the bold challenge of Yugoslavia have created for him a situation of the most formidable shape.

This Balkan war will not be the side-show that Hitler contemplated. It might have been that if Hitler had left the invasion of England to a later phase and made his gamble for the Dardanelles last autumn.

But now he faces a major war against a combination of Powers fortified by an astonishing series of victories on land, sea and in the air.

And, as in the case of the invasion of Britain, he has committed himself so deeply to the adventure that he cannot withdraw.

In the mighty victory of Matapan, broadsides from the 15-inch guns of H.M.S. Barham helped to shatter Italian cruisers. This epic battle established our dominion of the Mediterranean and sent a thrill of admiration round the globe

He must fight for all he is worth or suffer a disaster more humiliating even than defeat.

THE WHOLE ISSUE OF THE WAR MAY WELL BE DECIDED IN THE STRUMA VALLEY AND AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF GREECE.

Not the least of Hitler's anxieties here is the inscrutable Stalin.

He is understood to have applauded the Yugoslav *coup d'état*, which is the heaviest moral blow Hitler has sustained in Continental Europe, and he is so little trusted by Hitler that a vast German army is mobilised along the whole Russo-German frontier.

ONLY a rash man would venture to predict what Stalin will do. But one thing is certain. He does not want to see Hitler master of the Black Sea and the Dardanelles.

And he knows that a German victory would be the prelude to the seizure of the wheatlands of the Ukraine and the oil deposits of Baku.

With the balance of the scales turning against him on sea, on land and in the air Hitler's chief hope of still snatching a victory is centred in the severing of our Atlantic lifeline by his U-boats and raiders.

If he could do that effectively he could starve us out and ultimately invade us at his leisure.

The Atlantic sea lanes are undoubtedly our vulnerable front, and the magnitude of our losses is disquieting.

But one fact removes the ground for real alarm. The United States is now in the war on our side up to the hilt, and there is no direction in which that country can give us more decisive aid than in keeping the Atlantic route open to us.

This can be done either by convoying its own merchantmen or by leasing or lending its own mercantile marine to us.

WE MAY REST ASSURED THAT NO FEAR OF CONSEQUENCES OF ANY SORT WILL DETER PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT FROM EXERCISING TO THE FULL THE GREAT POWERS NOW VESTED IN HIM BY THE LEASE AND LEND ACT.

He has given evidence of that in the drastic seizure of enemy ships to save them from sabotage by enemy crews, and there is every reason to look for the transfer of merchantmen to our fleet as well as for more war vessels to help us to master the U-boat menace.

That that measure will be overcome we may confidently assume.

Mr. Churchill, whose avoidance of "wishful thinking" in these matters cannot be over-praised, has expressed himself with satisfying certainty on this point. And no one is in a better position than he is to know all the facts and measure all the risks.

With this peril effectively removed, I see

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followed, and the belief grew
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soldiers.
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ing the supplications of a

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But on one thing I feel s
is presumption on the part
or nation alike to remember

A.G.G.

direction in which there is ground for ous apprehension.

The command of the sea, which is the rock of our strength now as always, has n enormously enhanced by the dazzling hievements of our Navy in the Mediterean.

Our supremacy in the air bids fair to be less decisive, and on land we have disered a strategic genius and a momentum action which have electrified the world.

We have behind us a public opinion more ited and more passionately resolute than any crisis in our history.

We have the inexhaustible resources of erica to draw on. And the moral sentient of the whole civilised world is with us.

Against us is a jerry-built empire, created terror and seething with fear and hate, at is destined to crash as suddenly as it has en erected, as suddenly as the Italian limb it has already crashed.

The reign of terror is reaching the point exhaustion. The first hint of that came om Greece. The next has come from our llant allies of old, the freedom-loving Serbs.

A FEW MORE HAMMER-STROKES LIKE HAT AT MATAPAN AND THOSE IN FRICA, AND THE WHOLE HIDEOUS ABRIC OF HITLERISM WILL BE SHAKEN O ITS FOUNDATION.

The initiative has passed to our hands. ime and tide are with us. The hour is near hen the order will be "Forward!"

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

SHOULD CIGARETTES BE RATIONED?

● Nearly everybody is smoking more. Tobacco supplies have been destroyed by fire bombs and sunk.

In consequence, there has been, at times, an almost complete famine in some places.

A friend who came down from Yorkshire a few days ago could buy cigarettes in Sheffield, but then, having smoked them, could not purchase more on any station, all the way to London. Even Nottingham, which produces more cigarettes than any town except Bristol, was short.

Men blame women for hoarding up supplies.

Naturally, bad distribution is blamed. But that can hardly apply to London, which invariably, being such a large centre, is better organised.

And in one of the biggest hotels in the centre of the Metropolis, I was recently told, "We have no Virginia cigarettes."

Now, unless a miracle happens, the shipping situation will get worse, and therefore imports will decrease.

The only remedy is for us to smoke less. I say this as a very heavy smoker.

The Board of Trade has so far refused to consider rationing. But, as I see it, the rationing of cigarettes would fail because, as every adult would be entitled to so many cigarettes a week, non-smokers could buy them and hand them over to their friends. This would cause more trouble.

One main cause is that, in all times of stress, people smoke more than usual.

IS UNION WITH AMERICA POSSIBLE?

● Some people, seeing with great approval the ever-increasing friendship between the United States and Great Britain, are already planning federal union

An enthusiastic body have worked out details in this country, and in America progressive writers and thinkers have advocated Anglo-American union.

Wiser people know that the public advocacy of any such scheme is more likely to kill it than anything.

Winston best expressed it months ago when, speaking of Anglo-American friendship, he said: "No one can stop it. Like the Mississippi it keeps rolling along. Let it roll on in full flood, inexorable, irresistible, to broader lands and better days."

J. B. PRIESTLEY, M.P.?

● A P. Herbert, following J. B. Priestley on the air, said that, if he were logical, Priestley, instead of discrediting Parliamentary institutions, should enter the House.

Priestley, in reply, said that he had no intention of doing so.

But would Priestley be any good in Parliament?

He seems so lacking in understanding of affairs that he blamed the Labour Party for not supporting his broadcasts, when he should have known that, if they had done so, his speeches would have been condemned as partisan.

Then his attitude at the 1941 Committee, of which he is the pivot, was proof of his clumsy methods.

After reading out its aims, he said: "Anyone who doesn't agree had better leave the room." Yet when Clem Davies, M.P., started to walk out, he stopped him.

"Although I may agree with the proposals generally," explained Davies, "I do not agree with every comma. So, according to you, I must go."

Almost immediately Davies was asked to rewrite the cut-and-dried proposals!

Vernon Bartlett recently went from broadcasting to the Commons. I do not think he is happy there.

EMPIRE WAR CABINET?

● In theory, this is a very desirable thing In practice, it would not work out.

At present the War Cabinet consists of seven members. A representative from each Dominion would make it eleven, an over-large body

Now, although General Smuts would be a source of great strength in Downing Street—and he is the outstanding overseas personality developed in recent years—his almost incomparable gifts are needed in South Africa, where they restrain the narrow nationalism of recalcitrant Dutchmen.

Robert Menzies has shown, during his present visit, that he is a statesman of much greater magnitude than we thought. But he, too, is needed at home, where he has a majority of only one.

So with Mackenzie King of Canada, and Peter Fraser of New Zealand.

The appointment of one Dominion representative might create natural jealousies in the other Dominions.

Besides Beaverbrook it so happens, is a Canadian. As the great Empire crusader he already represents Dominions opinion in the Cabinet.

ARGUE IT OUT **BY PALLAS**

Your Prayers in Time of War

NATIONS, like individuals, sometimes feel the need of prayer. Not, of course, when prosperity is with them and peace is theirs: not when holidays, happiness and work fill uneventful days.

Then the Almighty is accepted as a benign and just Creator, much as rain and sunshine are accepted.

It is only in times of despair that mankind turns to thoughts of prayer.

Nations are the same.

When Hitler's armies swept through Western Europe a Day of Prayer was observed. The "Miracle" of Dunkirk followed, and the belief grew that Divine intervention had helped to save our soldiers.

Then, after a second and recent Day of Prayer, Yugoslavia revolted against the menace of the Nazi yoke.

Neither I, nor any other being, can say that those two sequels to national prayer were the result of Divinity hearing the supplications of a People.

* * *

If you have faith in the power of Prayer, your belief is firm, unassailable.

If you are of little faith, you will probably attribute the "Miracle" of Dunkirk to the supreme heroism of our Navy, our Air Force, and the men who manned the little ships.

On these things I have an open mind.

But on one thing I feel sure—that it is presumption on the part of individual or nation alike to remember prayer and religion only when favours are to be asked.

For weeks, for months, for years the nation—except for those to whom religion means church attendance on Sundays—forgets its God.

Then come the days of trial, days when the burden of war is heavy and the bitterness of struggle is ever present.

* * *

Those are the days when the Creator is remembered.

Those are the days when we pray for guidance, pray for the success of our arms and for the downfall of our enemies.

We, as a nation, ask—and give nothing We pray for an hour—and await miracles.

Most of us are like that.

In days of health and contentment the prayers learned in childhood are but dimly remembered. There is, it seems, little or no need for Divine comfort.

But when our children are ill, when poverty or hunger threatens, when the world apparently has forsaken us, the words of prayer come to us out of the past and we are like little children again, appealing to the great Father of us all.

When we utter such prayers we show the selfishness of man.

A religion that reveals itself only in times of trial is no true religion. It is merely the expression of a need.

It places God in a false light—as someone we acknowledge only when we have use for Him.

Religion is not the adoption of a creed which demands and does not give. It is not an emotion stimulated by rites, by pomps and ceremonies.

Easter, even in these war-racked days, should remind us that religion is service—a service based on sacrifice.

It is in the heart of man, not in the swelling praise of cathedral choirs or the sonorous sermons of church dignitaries.

It finds its expression in charity of the soul, in the tolerance of frailty, in the knowledge of man's humility.

It is not found in Days of Prayer, in the donning of the cloak of religion for an hour or so.

* * *

Who are we to ask favours of the Almighty, when most of us go our material ways caring little for His teachings so long as life is pleasant and trouble-free?

By what impertinence do we assume that we have only to ask and it shall be granted us? Have *we* then the right to take all and give nothing?

Prayer is not for the selfish; it is for the unselfish.

It is a Power invested in us by Divine grace But it is not a Power to be abused; nor is it of use to the coward, the boaster

After all, God helps those who help themselves.

This is Your feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s.6d. for each letter published. The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

ALL this London talk of making Coventry the "dream city of the future" is making us Coventrians slightly sick.

We don't want to become a shop window for architects.

Give us good homes (and our idea of a nice house isn't the same as those of the arty folk who are always talking), better social services than this country has ever known—and empty our dust-bins.

We'll be grateful enough.—Mrs. D. Harvey, Coventry.

Space Saver

Seems strange to me that the Ministry of Agriculture, anxious that we should all grow more food, hasn't taught the advantages of cutting garden hedges to an absolute maximum height of four feet.

A high hedge round your garden means that a border of at least a yard of land has lost its productive value. The labour devoted to it, the seed placed in it—all are wasted.

Cut them for victory. They'll grow again.—G. A. Downer, 7, Sherwood Avenue, Blidworth, Mansfield, Notts.

Home from Home

Behold in me *one* war-worker who is having a good experience of war time landladies.

Price, for everything, 18s. a week. Comfort, perfect. Food, the best. Linen, like the soap-powder advertisements.

Would she take my cat? Most certainly she would, and at no extra charge.

She hears about the landladies who are supposed to be saving up for baby grands, but she merely laughs.

"I'm not that fond of music," she says, bustling about to make me comfortable.—I. H., Somewhere in Yorkshire.

Old-time Black-out

It may be some consolation to know that "black-outs" aren't so new after all.

More than 400 years ago, when the German city of Frankfurt was threatened with attack, the civic authorities ordered all upper windows to be darkened to hide the location of the city from the enemy.—N. Radcliffe, Highcroft Crescent, Almondbury, Huddersfield.

Throughout centuries, seaport towns threatened with naval bombardment have been blacked-out. We blacked-out camps in South Africa. Smoke, the great day-time betrayer, was always kept down.

We've Known Worse!

In 1797, France, Holland, Spain, Italy, pretty well all Europe, were allied against us. Austria was our only friend—a lukewarm one.

Our farmers had had four successive bad harvests, and half the people were on the verge of starvation.

In January, 1797, there was hardly a million pounds in the Bank of England. And there was mutiny in the Fleet.

We seemed certain to sink to the level of a third-class Power. But we lived on to become the world's greatest Empire—through the spirit that is going to win again.—Fred French, Duston, Northampton.

Shepherd's Purse

Don't kill off your bird pets.

Let me tell you how many big bird breeders carry on their hobby on 2s. or 3s. a week pocket-money. Then: go thou and do likewise.

Search out the common dandelion. Open the buds of those that have not flowered and you'll find the best seed obtainable.

Keep some for winter use. And take some dandelion leaves back with you.

Then search the hedge for "Shepherd's Purse." You remember it. It is the long piece of green stuff you used to stick on your pal's back

When Nature gives a country birds it gives birds their food. If you keep birds captive, it is up to you to search out that food.—J. Anderson, 46, Stafford Street, Longton Staffs.

"Shepherd's Purse" is sometimes called "Rat's Tail."

Unjust

If an airman were to give his respirator away he would have to buy a new one—19s. 5d.

If he lost it he would have to pay the same amount.

If thieves take this Government property from him when he has no chance of protecting it, no matter what the circumstances, he still has to find 19s. 5d.

Not content with that, he will probably be confined to camp.

A little intelligence is needed somewhere.—C. H., 23, Bedford Avenue, Stafford.

Starting Young

Have we Britain's youngest war-knitter in our house?

My daughter Margaret, aged 6¾ years, has already made three cap-comforter scarves for the Forces—all out of school hours.—Mrs. Stella Shepherd, "Charja," Royal George Road, Burgess Hill, Sussex.

Shiploads Wasted

All this talk about the food given to racehorses or greyhounds not being important just makes me fume.

Every little matters.

There are people who put milk on their faces, cheese in mouse-traps, throw rice at weddings, shampoo with eggs, treat bruises with butter.

These little wastes add up to shiploads.—Gilbert Macdonald, Forebank Road, Dundee.

Will it be Cricket?

We hear a lot about the "new spirit" that is dawning.

Well, the cricket season is on us. I don't suppose there will be a lot of play with so many sportsmen fighting for the country. But what few big games there are will be a chance to *prove* our "new spirit" intentions.

If amateurs and professional players still have to use separate dressing rooms, leave the field by different gates, it will be difficult to believe that we are learning much.—Frank A. Ager, Cambridge Road, Sidcup, Kent.

Doing his Bit

You are always fair and express both sides of a question. What about this?

I have been granted exemption from all military service as a conscientious objector.

I do "essential work" in the day. I do voluntary work for twelve hours every other night as a member of an A.R.P. stretcher party, in which work—thank God—I have been able to save some lives.

I do fire-watching at least once a week, and have offered my off-duty nights to the local hospital.

Yet I am sneered at because of my views regarding conscience—even by a man with shorter hours than mine, in work not essential to the war effort, and who refuses to do a thing.—Leslie H. Howard, Potters Road, New Barnet, Herts.

Missing Milkman

No milk at my daughter's school since weeks before Christmas.

First explanation: dairy firm could dispose of the milk much easier in bulk to canteens, there being a shortage of one-third-pint bottles.

Second (on staff saying quart bottles would do, they would divide the milk): We are short of caps.

Staff and pupils collected two sacks of aluminium—but still no milk.—Nina A. Veasey, Copthorne Avenue, Rayners Lane, Middlesex.

Forgotten British

There are "pukka" British War Refugees in this country. I am one.

I can assure readers that Swaffer's scathing remarks about War Refugee Funds are not far-fetched.

All I can get are interviews and advice—such advice as: "Go on the dole," how to register at the Central Labour Exchange; "Don't pay anything for the registration of your property left in France," etc.—J. Frederick Rumble, 4, Barton Court, London, W.14.

Pirates—Ahoy!

"BLACK-LIST SHIPS" are the most romantic—and dangerous—craft afloat in war time.

Outwardly, they are ordinary cargo-boats, busy, alert, inconspicuous, always ready with an explanation.

But how the Navy hates them!

They are professional blockade-runners, practised in the finer points of piracy, and ready to carry goods for firms known as enemies.

Neutral shippers are circulated with the names of such ships, and their descriptions, to save them the loss that would result if a British warship caught a fugitive in the "navicert" area with their goods aboard.

As this area includes all the waters of Continental Europe and North Africa, the Navy has a big part of the earth's surface to watch.

In peace time these Black-list Ships work as pearl-poachers in ruthlessly preserved national waters, go whaling where it is not permitted, or sealing in forbidden waters.

* * *

One such vessel, caught not long ago after a hard chase of nearly two hundred miles, will now turn her undoubted talents to something that will help Britain win the war.

Built to private specification, and engined out of all relation to her size, she has a speed not much less than that of our fastest destroyers.

Members of the crew were earning ten and twenty times the amount paid men serving in Atlantic liners, and there never was a tougher collection of good seamen.

The name of that ship changed many times.

It is considered unlucky to change the name of a vessel, but she would have been even more unlucky if she had *not* changed both name and paint, and rig as well.

Her voyages were very profitable.

She never bothered underwriters.

Her skipper was affable, always with a good cigar ready. A good fellow till you saw the iceberg gleam in his eyes.

He minded his own business, appeared in extraordinary and ordinary ports, and asked no questions.

* * *

Once, that ship was found packed to the hatches with rifles.

She once ran a new Dictator into a country that would have spent a million to keep him out, and when she took a King's woman friend for a cruise the great lady unfortunately stepped overboard in the night.

During the first months of this war she went in for blockade-running, and found it so easy that she ventured into the Mediterranean to try her old game of taking a hand in politics behind the scenes.

A British motor-torpedo-boat with a speed that equals an express train ran even that fast ship down.

It peppered her from light guns, and when it began to show signs of sending a 2,000-lb. torpedo to emphasise its message to halt, the Black-list Ship reluctantly hove-to.

There are serious penalties for her latest crime in war time, and it is possible that her genial skipper will never again sail the seas.

Meanwhile, his ship will continue as romantic a career, using her special abilities to the enemy's annoyance.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

EAST DORSET HERALD:—"The Harbour Commissioners ACCUSED another tug."

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE:—"A time bomb exploded, demolishing a shop and SUYING two men."

NORTHERN DISPATCH:—"When the plane crashed incendiary BOMBERS and ammunition in it exploded."

BELFAST TELEGRAPH:—"POTS subsequently held by him included Director of Technical Development, etc."

OLDBURY WEEKLY NEWS:—"... WAS fined for having no rear HEADLIGHT."

BOURNEMOUTH DAILY ECHO:—"His pupils were found to be DILUTED and unequal."

TEESIDE EVENING GAZETTE:—"Immediately all the CONFLICTS at Dartmoor went on strike."

Tonic for Mr. Twigg

"JOHN BULL'S" 10-MINUTE STORY

By Hedley Barker

UNTIL his fiftieth birthday, Mr. Twigg was very well satisfied with the state of affairs. Mr. Twigg had never been wrong. All his life he had been putting other people right. Showing them how. Spotting their mistakes and correcting them.

Walking into factories, and offices, and big stores. Ambling about the various departments with an innocent expression and an engaging smile, sizing things up.

"Now," he would say, "this is what you've got to do. If you follow out my instructions to the letter I can guarantee a 25 per cent. saving."

Twenty-five, 33, even 50 per cent. sometimes. A bit of a genius, Mr. Twigg. Always right.

"Payment by results for me," he would say. "I'll take 5 per cent. on the increased turnover, if you don't mind. Thank you. *Good-day.*"

The results were very comforting for Mr. Twigg. A house in the country, a town address in Cadogan Square, and servants to wait at his table.

All things considered, he should have been a very happy man. And he was a happy man. Bright and chirpy was his usual disposition, frisky as a pup after a bath, confident as a cock-robin.

Until his fiftieth birthday.

After that things began to go wrong. Instead of his chirrupy self, he became a solemn ass, found fault with the cook, grumbled about the rations, the black-out, and the Great Onion Scandal.

A week of this, and Mr. Twigg confided to his face in the bathroom mirror: "You're off song, you old scoundrel, that's what it is. And it won't do. Something's got to be done about it."

After which, he looked at his tongue and took his temperature. Everything normal in that department. But he wasn't himself. No zip, no jauntiness, not a bubble of high spirits.

The truth is that Mr. Twigg had used the occasion of his fiftieth birthday to take stock. A bit of heavy thinking, that's what he had done.

About Life, and all that. The pattern of things. There it was, all spread out before him for review.

It gave him a bit of a shock. It was the first time he had treated himself to the luxury of memories. He had been a very busy man. No time to pause and look back. At it day in and day out, hammer and tongs, working like a black, more often than not far into the night.

And suddenly he was fifty. *Bang!* Just like that.

"Fifty," Mr. Twigg said to himself. "Well, well, you old rascal, you don't look it, I must say. Many happy returns."

IT was at breakfast that Mr. Twiggs decided to take the day off. At ten o'clock he retired into his den, switched on the electric fire, lit his pipe, gave a sigh of contentment, and put on a faraway look.

"The best average in the school," the headmaster was saying, "has been put up by Ernest Twigg. He gets the first prize."

The boys chucking their caps up when the school team scored, and Ernest Twigg alone in the schoolroom swotting up Algebra. Cricket, paper-chases, the school sports, and Ernest Twigg deep in thought.

Planning it all out. Arranging his life. None of that nonsense about wanting to be an engine-driver.

At twenty he would be raking in five pounds a week. At thirty he would have five thousand in the bank. At forty——

Mr. Twigg shoved this contraption along the country lanes to outlying houses two miles away

Mr. Twigg went back to the beginning and travelled the road again, step by step. Five pounds ten a week at twenty and fifteen thousand to his name ten years afterwards. Everything according to plan, with a few thousands thrown in for makeweight.

At fifty, he had vowed, I'll be a Name. And he was a name. A keyman in the nation's war-effort. Flattered, sought after, respected, publicly thanked by the Prime Minister for saving industry a hundred millions a year.

There it was, the pattern of things. Mr. Twigg looked at it, the warp and woof of life. And suddenly, his heart was heavy. Sombre patches and bright threads? Landmarks, milestones? Ups and downs?

None. Nothing but a string of successes, dull, monotonous, all won without exertion. Roses all the way. No triumph over adversities for Mr. Twigg. He had just ambled through the orchard of life, shaking the trees, collaring the plums.

Mr. Twigg is by far the most brilliant young man I have ever employed. I am very sorry to lose him.

His testimonials would have made any other man proud. But Mr. Twigg was suddenly sick of it all, tired, depressed. So depressed that he gave in to impulse and turned one night into a doctor's surgery.

"Nothing that I can put a finger on," he said, gloomily, "it's just that I'm depressed."

"The fact is," he said, gloomily, "I've always had things my own way. And now I'm sort of grand panjandrum, indispensable, unquestioned. Come to that, I always was, from the very beginning. No early struggles. I didn't even have to try very hard. And now. . . ."

Mr Twigg heaved a sigh. "I've got the blues," he said. "I'm in a low state. Just wondering if it's all been worth the candle."

"Your business, Mr. Twigg?" asked the doctor.

"I'm a consulting efficiency expert. They call me in to reorganise factories—all sorts of things. A sort of knack turned into a science. I just stop what the other fellow's doing wrong and put him right."

A complete rest and change was the prescription.

"Go into the country, and loaf about," advised the doctor. "The smaller the village the better. And spend at least two months there. Perhaps you'll report progress by letter?"

So Mr. Twigg went off to Little Thatcham. A pub, a grocer's shop, a church, and a crooked street. The pub had a feather bed, and Mr. Twigg hired it.

Most of the days he sat in the parlour and watched the grocer's opposite. Watched, and turned over his memories. Saw the young Twigg delivering orders and helping behind the counter of just such a shop. Looked at his watch, twiddled his thumbs.

Bored stiff. And melancholy as an undertaker's mute.

And when at the end of the first week the grocer put a notice in his window. Mr. Twigg arose with alacrity and crossed the road.

Man wanted, it said, *Apply Within.*

"'Ad any experience?" asked James Henry Budge.

"Two years," said Mr. Twigg.

JAMES HENRY BUDGE eyed Mr. Twigg's very stylish plus fours.

"You'll 'ave to deliver, you know. *And* 'elp behind the counter. General 'andy-man, see? Scrub out the shop every Sat'dy."

Mr. Twigg closed with the grocer at thirty shillings. He would have taken ten for that matter, or nothing. His desperate need was for something to do.

He wrote to his doctor that night. "I've got a job. I couldn't have stuck it otherwise. Nothing to do is my idea of purgatory. So I fixed up with the local grocer.' General handyman.

"Condition unchanged. No interest in the lambs and the daffodils. General outlook melancholy. Will report progress."

Mr. Twigg wired in. A shocking mess, James Henry Budge's shop. Cheese, and starch, and boot-polish, and tins of salmon, and sides of bacon all higgledy-piggledy.

He straightened things up, stacked the shelves neatly, put everything where it could be got at with the least trouble.

Spotted what Mr. Budge was doing wrong and put him right.

"'Fore you done that," grumbled Mr. Budge, "I knew where everything was. Now I got to learn it all over agin. Nuisance, that."

Mr. Budge didn't run to a motor-van. Man-power was the method of delivery, on one of those box-tricycles.

Mr. Twigg shoved this contraption along the country lanes to outlying houses two miles away. He arrived back rather late one day. Mr. Budge looked at his watch.

"You bin a long time!"

"Puncture," explained Mr. Twigg. "The fellow was a long time repairing it."

Mr. Budge disapproved. "'Ow much?" he asked.

"Ninepence. There was an adjustment to the brake, as well."

"Ninepence," scowled Mr. Budge, "and the 'ole blooming puncture outfit only cost sixpence. In the bag. Didn't you see it?"

"I'm afraid," confessed Mr. Twigg, "I can't mend punctures."

"Can't mend punctures? Anybody can mend they—anybody."

MR. BUDGE was weighing up sugar, fetching a scoopful from the sack at one end of the shop and his bags from the other. He now turned this job over to his assistant.

"There's two 'undred pound to weigh up," he said. "You won't get it done to-day, but do as much as you can."

"Oh yes," said Mr. Twigg. "I shall get that done to-day, easily. It's just a matter of method, do you see, Mr. Budge? Of concentrating the materials on the spot and reducing the motions to a minimum. Like this."

Mr. Twigg hauled the sack up to the scales, dumped a pile of bags on the counter, and began. In no time at all he had weighed up a dozen pounds.

"There," he said, "that's much better than running from one end of the shop to the other for sugar and bags."

"Ah," said Mr. Budge, "it may be. Just a minute."

Mr. Budge took one of the bags and laid it on the scale. It tilted a thought heavily on the wrong side. In the end he found it over-generous by a quarter of a teaspoonful.

"Um," he muttered. "I dunno 'bout consecratin' materials and such like, but you got a lot to learn about the grocery trade. You got to learn to weigh, and weigh accurate."

Mr. Twigg felt that he was going to like Mr. Budge. Mr. Budge was the first man who had ventured to question his methods in a lifetime of easy money. His heart was warmed. Then and there he determined to be a zealous employee, to give Mr. Budge more than value for his wages.

Saturday. Pay day. Mr. Twigg getting out the orders. Swiftly. Accurately. Everything beautifully wrapped up in the minimum of time. Even Mr. Budge, he thought, would approve of his industry.

At this moment he turned, was confronted by a smouldering eye.

"Paper," said Mr. Budge, "costs money. Tenpence a ream. And 'ere's you a-wrapping up packets of soap. *Packets!*"

Monday morning saw a change in Mr. Twigg. He skipped along blithely, happy as a lark, frisky as a pup after a bath.

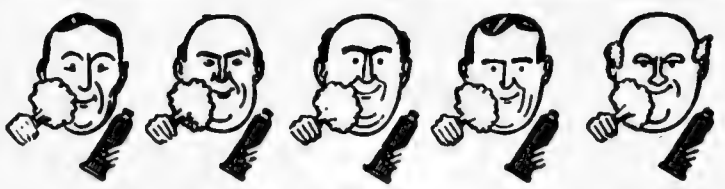
He was on his way to the station, and occasionally he chuckled.

Wrapping up packets of soap. Packets!

And now, as the chuckle became helpless laughter, Mr. Twigg had to pause.

Mr. Budge had sacked him.

For inefficiency.



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Every week tackles a postba problems, and h if you are in do him at 93, Long W.C.2. You guinea if your on this page course, giving

You Can't Force a Son's Love

A mother is worried because her 7-year-old son prefers his father's company, and she makes the mistake of telling him that it is his duty to love her. This, and two other family situations, are dealt with this week

By HUMANIST

MANY people fail to understand that affection can't be made to order.

Indifference cannot be changed to love by an effort of will. You cannot make yourself love or stop loving.

These things just happen, and the causes behind them are complicated and mystifying.

My only trouble (writes a mother) is that my seven-year-old son has turned against me.

He is always saying, "I like my Dad best." Yesterday he told me he wished there were only himself and Dad in the house.

Now, I am far from being a miserable sort of person. If the boy does anything wrong I check him, but have never spanked him.

I have tried taking him on my knee, I have tried taking no notice of him.

In fact, I have tried every method I could think of, but with no good results.

Is there any way in which I can gain his love and confidence?

Before he goes to bed he always asks me to read the Bible to him. Though he cannot read it himself, he is constantly taking it down to look at the pictures.

I have tried to point out to him through the Bible how wicked it is for him not to love me.

But his answer is always the same: "I love Dad best."

I am afraid he will grow up with a permanent dislike of me.

First thing to be said about this problem applies to many homes where there is an only child, and where one of the parents tries to rule by strict discipline while the other is in favour of freedom.

A child develops best in a free-and-easy atmosphere. Too many "Don'ts" are exasperating to a youngster who is full of vitality and wants to try everything.

And if the parents cannot agree about the control of a child, the result is confusion in the youthful mind.

"I have tried to point out to him through the Bible how wicked it is for him not to love me"

The father encourages freedom of action; the mother stands for constant thwarting of impulses.

I don't agree with the mother's attempts to force affection by taking the boy on her knee and telling him it is wicked not to love her.

The most she can get that way is a pretended affection. Surely she does not want that?

Another point. Many young boys dote too much on their mothers, and if this continues too long it creates profound unhappiness.

I always pity the young wife whose husband has a mother-fixation. She "can't make puddings like those his mother used to make!"

This lad of seven has a healthy love for his father. He will probably grow up a robust, masculine type of man with plenty of initiative and self-confidence.

The mother need not worry about his indifference now. It is only a passing phase of hero-worship.

He will come to revere and love her—but he will not want to cling to her apron-strings.

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

AVERY different letter about the same family relationship comes from another mother.

How well you understand the loneliness experienced by the widowed! (she writes).

I lost my husband last year. We were sweethearts from the age of fourteen and were more than all to each other.

No one can ever take his place.

After a twelve-hour business day I had the empty lonely evenings to face—and conquer.

This is how I find a vision of the joy that follows sorrow.

My boy and I have Daddy's photograph before us. We recall so many happy memories—long drives into the country, glorious week-ends by the sea, treats, surprises, celebrations of birthdays and anniversaries.

Sixteen years of priceless memories of the wonderful times we shared together before he was taken from us.

So Daddy is often very near to us, and my boy never speaks of him with grief.

There is no darkness which the torch of courage cannot lighten.

So many people have had their happiness snatched away from them. But we cannot afford to harbour self-pity.

Sooner or later we find that a great sorrow is not the end, but a turn in the road.

Clearly, the relationship of these three—mother, father and son—was as near to the ideal as one can hope to reach in an imperfect world.

If this widow spent the rest of her days in lamentation one could understand it.

But she saw the perils of self-pity and summoned up all her courage to save herself and the boy. They relive the happy times instead of brooding on their loss.

This is not easy. But it is worth doing, or at any rate worth attempting.

NOW for a difficult and very common problem. It is raised by a man of twenty-six who naturally longs to get married, but is concerned about his duty towards his widowed mother.

I am a sociable chap and mix with the other sex a good deal. But I know a young wife does not like to share a home with her mother-in-law.

I never take the same girl out more than twice in case one of us might grow too fond of the other.

What would become of my mother if I married? She is one of the best.

Soon she will have to give up work, for it is beginning to tell on her. She could not possibly live on her pension alone.

Is it my duty to remain single in order to look after her? I should like to know your candid opinion.

I respect this young man for his willingness to sacrifice himself for her sake.

Shall I be accused of being hard-hearted if I advise him to marry?

If his mother loves him as unselfishly as he loves her, she will want him to marry and be happy. She will refuse to allow him to make the sacrifice.

No doubt he will help her in many ways, but at his age it is natural and right that he should have a wife and children of his own.

THE WORLD MUST MOVE FORWARD. WE CANNOT MORTGAGE THE FUTURE THROUGH OBLIGATIONS TO THE PAST.

EASTER

A HAPPY Easter, Hope proclaims it, though to-day the world is sad, but high above Life's cross of anguish, Someone bids our souls be glad. Someone Who is ever near us, helping each their cross to bear. Someone Who above earth's troubles shows us that Love's Crown is there.

A HAPPY Easter, Hope proclaims it, spreads its joyful message round, that in the Shadows of the Cross glad flowers light life's sombre ground, and all their lovely golden glory is lifted up in homage fine, for faith and flowers ever blossom to make God's World with Easter shine.

A HAPPY Easter, though the clashing sounds of War beat on the air, but Christ's Everlasting Promise radiates life everywhere. For this modern crucifixion, with its agony and pain, will another Hill illumine where for Right, men have been slain.

A HAPPY Easter, Hope proclaims it, Right will live when wrong is spent, so will Victory flood our living as sure as Easter follows Lent. So mankind will from this turmoil raise the Cross and Crown on high, for the sake of One Whose Glory on this Earth SHALL NEVER DIE.

J. M.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

An old soldier who surely deserves a little peace of mind is Mr. A. Seldon, of Exminster. Seven years in the R.A. and nine years on the Reserve, he served in the South African War.

In 1914 he volunteered again, but was rejected owing to blindness in his left eye. In 1915 he succeeded in joining a labour battalion and was granted discharge two years later.

He had the misfortune to lose his wife a few years ago and now lives alone.

From November to May each year he is badly handicapped through bronchitis, the result of being gassed in 1916. He is also crippled by sciatica and rheumatism in both hands.

And yet this brave old warrior works whenever he is well enough to do so!

His total income, including pension, is only 27s. 4d. a week. Owing to continued illness he is in arrears with rent and has appealed to our Fund.

We hope our readers will do all they can to help.

Donations should be earmarked "Artillery" and sent to the Hon. Secretary, John Bull War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent when addresses are given. Subscription lists can be seen at this office or will be forwarded on application. Nothing is deducted for administration expenses.

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Points from the Directors' Report and the Statement issued to the Shareholders by the Chairman, Sir Edgar Horne, Bart. The 92nd ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING *was held at Holborn Bars, London, E.C.1, 3rd April, 1941.*

ASSETS AND INCOME. The assets of the Company are now **£364,854,580,** of which over **93** per cent. are invested in the United Kingdom and the Empire. The income during 1940 was **£56,048,786.**

ORDINARY BRANCH. The net new sums assured were **£20,945,502.** On participating policies a bonus of **£1** per cent. will be paid on claims arising by death or maturity of endowment during 1941.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH. The premiums received were **£25,178,307,** being an increase of **£1,368,273.**

On participating policies a bonus of **16s.** per cent. will be paid on claims arising by death or maturity of endowment during 1941.

GENERAL BRANCH. The premiums received were **£2,422,474** arising from Fire, Sickness and Accident, Employers' Liability, Marine, Motor Insurance, etc.

APPROVED SOCIETIES. The total amount expended on benefits was nearly **£4,600,000.**

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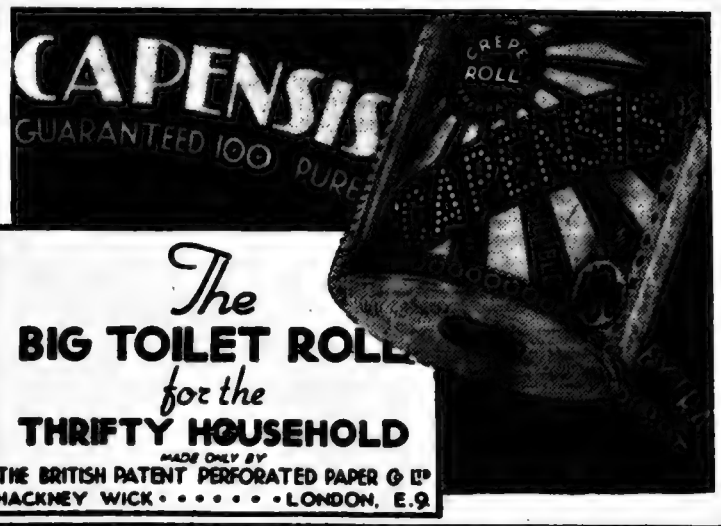

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This Photo Shows a Typical Irvona Figure

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IRVONA (Dept. 167), 1 GRESSE STREET, LONDON, W. 1. *No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy. Distributors The London and Colonial Export Co. Ltd.,*

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It's called Karmoid, and is a special two-fold laxative which you've simply got to try, to see how well it makes you feel.

Besides, Karmoid is easy and pleasant to take : just a little sugar-coated pill that tastes almost like a sweet.

You can get Karmoid at any chemist. Only 1/3 a box. Family size 3/-. Get some to-day before you forget.

TORNADO IN "TAILS"

★ Dapper, slick, wisecracking Dave Crowley is a human pocket battleship who lacks only a finishing punch. Once he fought fifteen rounds with a broken bone in his right hand—and that was a lucky day for Dave!

By A. W. HELLIWELL

He's as much at home in evening clothes as he is in the ring—and here he's seen with his cabaret star wife in her dressing-room

WERE I a film producer I should long ago have had dapper little Dave Crowley's name on the dotted line of a contract.

Every time he greets me with that inimitable grin of perky self-assurance, or I see his spruce figure approaching with that unmistakable "Jimmy Cagney" walk, I feel more than ever convinced that there must be a screen career for Davie as spectacular and successful as he has enjoyed in the ring.

Crowley, slick, much-travelled and worldly wise, is a remarkable young man.

He is as thoroughly at ease in his immaculate evening clothes as in boxing shorts; as much at home in the soft lights of an exclusive night-club as in the sweaty atmosphere of the gymnasium.

A sophisticated young man and a tough one.

Crowley is a pocket-size Max Baer with a personality that hits you as forcibly as the punches he swings so expertly, and, outside of the American ring, I can think of no fighter who comes within a mile of him as a showman.

No one can imitate the peculiar little hitch he gives to his shorts, or the confident, shoulder-swinging gait with which he struts back to his corner after a particularly hectic round.

It is all part of Crowley's technique, just as is the infuriatingly cheerful grin with which he fights, or the flow of cheeky wisecracks with which he peppers his punches.

This dark-haired, swarthy ex-lightweight champion may be badly hurt or desperately tired, but he never permits his opponent to guess it.

He will fight on until he drops, and right until the last he will be smiling the same wide smile.

Only Once Dejected

I can recall only one occasion when Crowley's high spirits deserted him.

This was on a Saturday afternoon in December, 1939, at Harringay Arena, when he failed in his bid to regain the British lightweight title from Eric Boon.

If ever a young man looked a picture of dejection it was Davie as he was handy-chaired from the ring where the triumphant Boon was being embraced and kissed by his father and mother.

Gone was the cheeky Crowley grin.

It was understandable, for all the cards were stacked against Dave that afternoon.

He had taken Boon's heaviest punches and come back fighting strongly, only to drop helpless in the seventh round with a painfully wrenched tendon in his right ankle.

Boon put him down with something that more closely resembled a wrestling throw than a punch, and Dave sat forlornly in the middle of the ring pointing mutely at his right foot, which was twisted awkwardly under him.

It was an odd and unsatisfactory ending of what showed every sign of developing into a great fight.

There was an even bigger surprise when the dapper little Clerkenwell boxer grabbed the microphone and, supported by his seconds, proceeded to make pugilistic history by broadcasting an apology for having to quit.

"Please forgive me," said Davie. "I am sorry it had to end this way. I was just beginning to fight. Look! I am as well as can be—not even out of breath."

It was, indeed, lamentably bad luck for Crowley, particularly since, according to my card, he had a slight edge on points and was just getting into his stride when his ankle let him down.

Afterwards, in his dressing-room, he told me that he had lost his chance of regaining the title in the gymnasium two weeks before the fight.

He had injured his ankle then, and, although it had partly mended, it began to give him pain again in the second round and grew steadily weaker until it finally "went," and he dropped as though he had been hamstrung.

Crowley, who won the lightweight title from Jimmy Walsh, has probably fought more champions than any other boxer.

As flyweight, bantamweight, featherweight and lightweight he has always fought the top-liners, and he has matched his wits against no fewer than five world champions—Petey Sarron, Freddie Miller, Al Brown, Mike Belloise and Jackie Brown.

Speed and Cleverness

Small wonder then that, with this wealth of experience behind him, young Davie still remains one of the most formidable lightweights in the country.

There is no one to match him for sheer speed and cleverness.

As a master of the cunning art of fiddling he is without equal—unless you include Len Harvey.

The only thing he lacks is a finishing punch. If he had this there would not be a lightweight in the world to stand against him.

Crowley, stripped for action, is an impressive picture. He is one of the most perfectly built boxers I have seen.

Yet it was only because he was such a weedy specimen as a boy that he took up amateur boxing. At that time all he hoped was that fighting would put some flesh and muscle on his skinny frame.

It was for the same reason that he signed on as bell-hop aboard a liner on the Australian run, not that there were any physical advantages in a page-boy's job, but young Davie was convinced that sea air would put a couple of inches on his chest development.

He had his first professional fight "down under" in the world-famous Rushcutter's Bay arena, where Burns and Johnson fought for the world title.

No debut could have been more disastrous.

Crowley hit the canvas so often that he lost count, and half-way through the second round the police entered the ring and stopped the contest.

Dave laughs now when he recalls that unfortunate beginning. Any ideas he might have entertained about earning a living in the ring promptly vanished.

An Amateur Again

In fact, when he finally did return to England, he had put them so far out of his head that he once more boxed as an amateur.

Then, within the space of a few years, he was up among the champions, and there he has stayed ever since.

Crowley enjoys being a celebrity, although when you get to know him well you find that there is not an atom of conceit in his make-up.

I don't think any fighter has ever got more kick out of his career than he has.

He danced and capered around the ring in sheer delight after he won the title from Walsh. He was, in fact, so excited that he could not even be persuaded to stand still while the glittering Lonsdale Belt was clasped round his slim waist.

In his early days Crowley always wore a light blue and yellow sash that had once belonged to Georges Carpentier. It was given to Dave as a lucky talisman by Alice Delysia, the famous French actress.

Neither fame nor fortune had yet smiled upon him then. He was an unknown boy, slogging his way along the hard, rough road that all the champions must travel.

Delysia watched him fight fifteen rounds with a broken bone in his right hand, and was so impressed by the pluck of the stocky, perpetually smiling boy that she asked to meet him.

That was a lucky day for Crowley. Delysia saw that he met the right people and soon, wearing the famous blue and primrose sash, her dapper protégé was making a big name for himself.

Steady Progress

Since then Davie has never looked back.

The last time I saw him he was in Air Force blue with two stripes up and the old irrepressible grin was as much in evidence as ever.

The war has cut across his plans for another crack at the title, but that is still the goal upon which his twinkling eyes are set.

And Mr. Crowley has made a habit of getting what he is after ever since he took a trip to Australia and back to toughen himself up.

KILLED WHILE FIRE-WATCHING

● **During a recent raid in South Wales Mr. John Donoghue was on duty as a fire watcher, extinguishing incendiaries, when a high-explosive bomb fell near by and he was instantly killed by the blast.**

As Mr. Donoghue was a registered reader of JOHN BULL his widow has received a prompt cheque for the benefit provided under JOHN BULL'S Free Air Raid Insurance.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Gas Attacks, Invasion and Bombardment. This Policy covers husband and wife, and provides benefits for death and injury, as defined, caused by any action of Enemy, Allied or Home Defence Forces anywhere in the United Kingdom. The Scheme applies to all civilian readers, without restriction, including Home Guards, Police, A.F.S., Wardens, Spotters and Fire Watchers.

The Last Laugh

R.S.M. (Aldershot).—"So far as know, all the boys I have under like me." Yes—so far as you ow!

G. N. (Ilminster).—"My wife has ven up the piano and now plays e cornet." Well, at least she n't sing at the same time.

W. T. (Totnes).—"The wild birds ed out of my hand." What cheek! our district they do at least ait until we have put the seed in e ground.

MRS. L. (Millbrook).—"You can agine what I would give for a uple of pounds of really good glish butter." Yes, an awful lot coupons.

S. L. (Rainham).—"I rushed out the dark at the last minute with important letter and ran bang to a lamp standard." So the post ught you instead?

A. C. (Portsmouth).—"When I me to London, could I take a s from near your office to King's oss?" No. But the bus could ke you.

S. L. (Fenny Stratford).—"The rk often rises to a height of 00 feet at this time of the year." ell, considering some of the odes ritten to it in the Spring, we n't blame it.

S. McJ. (Dundee).—"She has romised to be my wife on condition that I allow her to keep her b in the munition factory." Well, hat's what you're depending on, n't it?

T. N. (Brentwood).—"How can a an be rolling in agony one oment and the next be smiling nd walking briskly?" When his ife goes on the lawn and tells m it is opening time.

A. W. (Mayfair).—"As a well-built young man of fashion, I am wondering what is the correct colour to wear this spring." Khaki.

A. S. (Reading).—"My American friend owns a skyscraper that would take your breath away." Because it has no lift?

D. C. (Gerrards Cross).—"Before the war I would smoke almost any kind of cigarettes." And now you will smoke any kind?

S. L. (Malvern).—"What is to stop me growing early lettuces in the open at this time of the year?" Early slugs.

WINNIE (Stockwell). — "I am knitting myself a dress which will be quite plain and simple." Judging by the photograph you sent, it should suit you.

MISS M. (Manchester).—"I have had several boys at different times but have always just failed to hold them." You can't be much of a catch.

CONDUCTRESS (London). — "Bus tickets are shorter and have been reduced by .004 inches in thickness." We should like to know how this works out in terms of extra straphanging space.

E. T. (Emerson Park).—"When I asked my boss for a rise he said that careful reflection didn't improve my chances, and I wonder what he meant." The more he thought of you the less he thought of you.

HOUSEWIFE (Godstone). — "Just because we can't pay the bill they've cut off the electricity and my oven is useless. I am filled with despair when I think of the things I have cooked in the past." Including your goose?

J. H. (Finchley).—"My typist spells atrociously." You're lucky—ours certainly couldn't.

F. V. (Beccles).—"When one's eyesight is affected, it is the quality of the glasses that counts." Or quantity.

G. M. (Holbeach).—"I asked my boss for a rise, and do you think he gave it to me?" No. Took it out of you.

PTE. R. (In Camp).—"People have always said I was a good-for-nothing, but Army life has made a new man of me." Why "new"?

MRS. N. (Earlestown).—"Is there any advantage in having a very small maid?" Yes, the crockery doesn't have to fall so far.

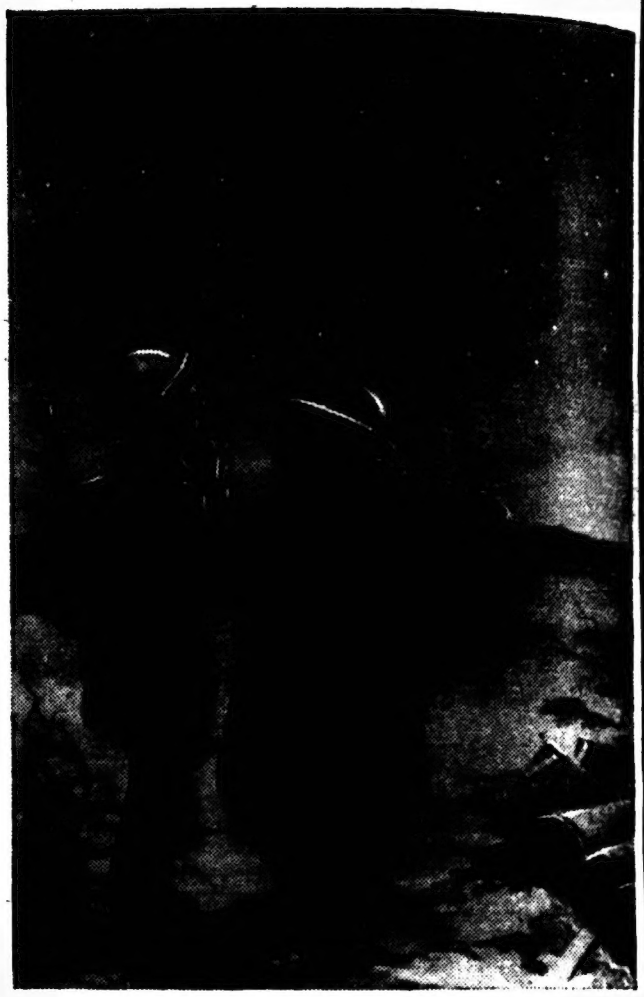
A. F. (Morden). — "Although there is a war on, I still take my girl to the theatre at least four nights a week." She's in the chorus?

D. K. (Mistley).—"Whisky may give one Dutch courage, but do you know what is the best thing out during an intensive afr raid?" Yes, any incendiary bomb that falls nearby.

N. P. (Stroud).—"One thing about the Army of to-day: you can start on the ground floor and work your way to the top." By which time you would have to requisition a new scrubbing brush.

L. P. (Edwinstowe). — "My brother turned up the other day in the uniform of the Royal Navy and wearing a heavy beard. He always was a rolling stone." But he seems to have flouted the old proverb.

(Side-Slips : See page 12)



"Never mind tryin' to do it by them stars. They ain't reliable round 'ere. To find yer way, stick to dead camels, Chianti bottles, and marks like that"

Worth a Guinea a Box

Today there are millions of healthy people who have found in Beechams Pills the secret of good health. Why don't you adopt this Golden Rule of Health and keep free from everyday ills? Beechams Pills are purely vegetable — gentle, natural, effective, reliable.

Obtainable everywhere.

PRICES:

(including Purchase Tax)

1/5 and 3/5 per box

also available in pennyworths

Now it's no-boil washday down on the farm

A farmer's wife, who gave up boiling clothes on the advice of a town-bred land girl, tells what it saves in time, fuel and £ s. d.

LIKE all farmers' wives these days, I'm working harder than I ever did in my life. So you can imagine when my husband came to me and said he'd invited some dozen of the local fire-watchers to tea at the farm on the following Monday, I wasn't too pleased.

"You might have picked on any day but Monday," I grumbled. "You know I'm tired out by tea time after bending over the copper all day."

"Get the girl to help you," he said, but our sixteen-year-old help has more than enough to do as it is.

So, when Monday came I was in the washhouse bright and early getting the copper going when Daisy, one of the land-girls, put her head round the door. "Goodness, what a steam!" she said. "Don't tell me you still *boil* clothes!"

"I certainly do," I said, "you can't get whites white without. Though I must say boiling and rubbing clothes nearly kills me."

"Wait just a minute!" she said, "while I nip round to the grocer's for some Rinso. That will soak your clothes clean without any boiling or hard rubbing and in no time at all."

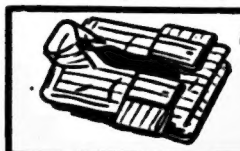
WHEN she got back and read me the instructions on the packet I felt it would be ungrateful not to try it though I didn't feel very hopeful about the results. Daisy said she'd look in again to see how I was doing.

What I did was to soak the less-dirty whites in Rinso suds for 15 minutes without letting them come to the boil. And then I put the dirtiest things into the same suds and let them soak for 20 minutes. I didn't rub them—I didn't have to. But to my astonishment they came out *snowy!*

Well, I was pegging those clothes on the line a good 1½ hours before I expected to—and I felt as fresh as though I'd never done the washing.

Daisy said later that this Rinso no-boil method saves half the coal or three-quarters of the gas that boiling takes. And it's much better for the clothes—shirts give 4 months more wear washed the Rinso way.

The fire-watchers had a fine tea that afternoon and my husband said he thought I was a marvel getting through the washing and the baking as well. I thought "Thanks to Rinso," but I didn't say so. It will be my secret weapon every wash-day now!



RINSO SOAKS CLOTHES CLEAN

B 3063-132 *R. S. Hudson Limited, London*

WORRY FLOODS STOMACH WITH ACID

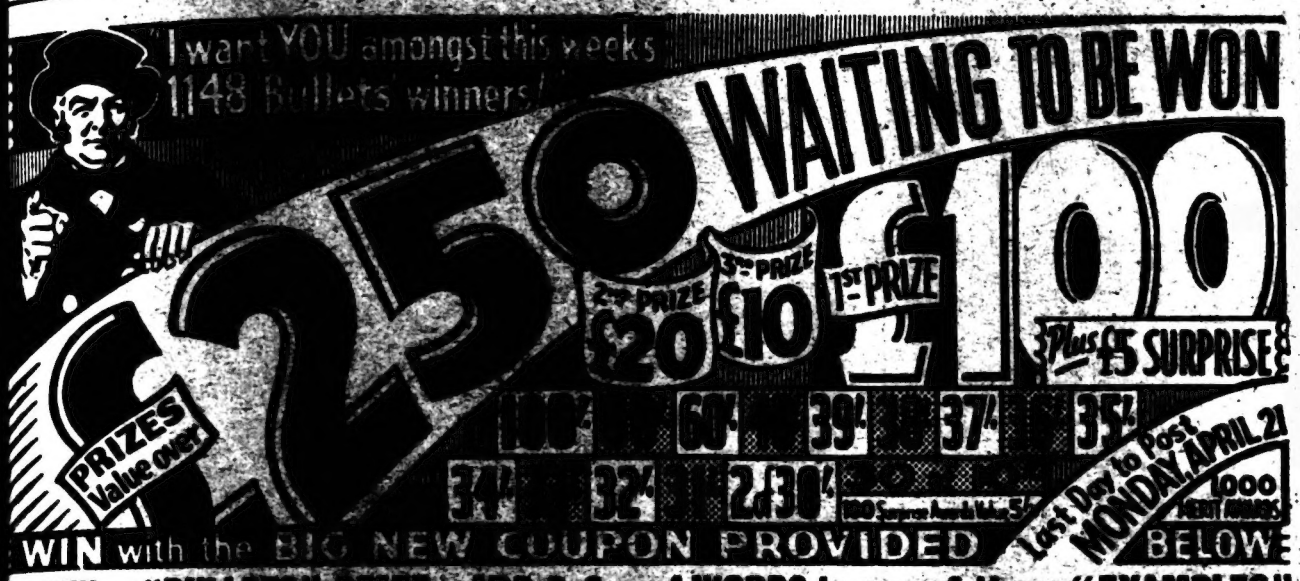
Doctors have found that during periods of nerve tension, worry, or threat of danger, a rush of excess acid floods the stomach. This excess acid does not increase your digestive powers—it works just the other way. It soaks quickly into the stomach's contents, so that the food you have eaten sours and ferments and turns into a lumpy, tough mass. Now if these periods of anxiety constantly recur, you may be heading for chronic trouble.

Don't let this dangerous condition get the better of you—don't even let it get started. Wherever you are—whatever you are doing—take two 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets immediately you feel your stomach 'turn over.' 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will instantly kill the excess acid and calm and soothe the stomach nerves.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the safe, sure brand of antacid doctors have been recommending for years, because they can rely on it doing its job.

Get these pleasant mint flavoured 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets today. Obtainable everywhere in handy tins. 7d. and 1/1½d. Carry a tin with you always (no water needed). Also family sizes 2/3d. and 3/11½d. (Including Purchase Tax). Be sure to ask for 'MILK of Magnesia' which is the registered trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

CASH FOR A FEW SIMPLE WORDS!



£100 First Prize—"BULLETS" 1,265.

Miss R. Grainger, 144, Wilmer Road, Heaton, Bradford.
Example: TO FINISH THE WAR
Bullet: NOBODY WANTED, EVERYBODY "WANTED"

£20 Second Prize: B. T. Church, 23, Co-operative Street, Tom Pentre, S. Wales.
Example: The Sinking Tenth
Bullet: Rod Pratten, "Hitting Another"!

£10 Third Prize: T. Fish, "Hazel House," Gunthwaite, Nr. Penistone, Sheffield.
Example: In The Opening Months
Bullet: Athletic Sweetheart—"Passage" Rougher

100s.: Mrs. West, Deepsea Bank, Halstead, Sevenoaks, Kent.
The Supreme Test—Real Sorry Had "Ferry."

80s.: W. Gee, 17, Broadway, South Shields.
In The Opening Evenings—"Dig And Whistle," Instead

60s.: D. L. Timothy, Rhydymwyn, Mold, Flints.
To Finish The War—Statesmen "Walks"—Common "Strife."

40s.: J. W. Oliver, 10, Beach Terrace, Newbiggin-by-Sea.
Another Victory—Annulled, Means *Another's* Victory.

35s.: Mrs. Latcham, 8, Alnwick St., Easington Colliery.
The Patriotic Youth—"Playing Cricket," Digging Pitch

30s.: Mrs. M. Hansford, Pattishall; Towcester.
Start—Secretary—"New Dress" *Daily*

30s.: C. D. House, "Tresco," Tyning Road, Saltford.
(Entered on Prize Coupon.)
Auntie's A Fire Watcher, So—Roof Aflame—With Flamelette!

28s.: P. W. Turner, 12, St. Leonards Avenue, Exeter.
Not Big Enough—Your Bills? *Is* "Bit"!

28s.: R. H. Davison, 42, Kingsdown Avenue, Ealing, W.
Not Big Enough—Ration For Rempoet's Eye!

28s.: G. Rimmington, 13, Silverdale Road, Basford, Nottingham.
Stamped Nephew—Way Auntie Prolonged "Innings."

28s.: H. H. Ryley, "Barwyn," Robert Avenue, Mansfield.
Loaded With Food—Gladness Blesses "Real Swiss"!

28s.: W. Severn, 76, Mansfield Road, Nottingham.
At Every Turn—Pilot Tested Workers' Skill.

A Duckling accompanies each cash prize. A List of 25 Winners of 10s. plus ducklings, can be seen at these offices. The 20 Bonus Awards value £1 and 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

TO WIN a "BULLETS" PRIZE—ADD 2, 3, or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

PRIZES galore are waiting to be won on this page. Set about winning YOURS right now—*here's one good way of doing it!*

Jot down some rough comments suggested to you by the *Examples*. Your own experiences, opinions and everyday life will make this easy enough. Now "*polish up*" and improve the comments, at the same time boiling each one down to TWO, THREE or FOUR words only.

Make each *Bullet* fit the *Example* like a glove and aim at the simplicity, snap and sparkle seen in the latest prize-winning *Bullets* on right.

Enjoy making your *Bullets* this week and remember, as you do them, that *one* of them may well bring YOU our next First Prize Joy Wire!

IN WAR'S BLIZZARD	TO FIND THE MONEY
THE WORLD NEEDS	ON SUNDAY
ON A LITTLE ISLAND	GOOD FOR US
ARMY OF WOMEN	THROUGH THE USUAL CHANNELS
HARD AS NAILS	FAIR AND SQUARE
IN A QUEUE	AGAINST GREAT ODDS
LIKE A MAN	FOR THE CAUSE
IN FLIGHT	HOLDING THE BABY
GROWLING	ON THE WAR-PATH
WITH A YAWN	IN GERMANY'S CUPBOARD

Use "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

When Dad ..... To ..... 's Dismay
Owing To ..... Model .....
Put ..... First And His Biggest .....

EXTRA AWARDS VALUE UP TO £24 Each of the 48 chief winners who entered 4 or more *Bullets* for 1/- in contest will receive a special Bonus Award value 10/-

ENTRY-FEE Postal Order or Stamps (not Cheque) for 6d. for each 2 BULLETS. Fee for 1—put 1 FREE.

RULES 1. First Prize will be awarded for which, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified Judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Members of H.M. Forces are privileged to submit entries at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally completed and Service rank is indicated. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an essential condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

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DON'T MISS YOUR "BULLETS" BULLETIN You are invited to affix 1d. stamp to space provided and thus make sure of your "Bullets" Bulletin containing hints to help you win. Do not miss this opportunity to secure your 2,500-Word Guide to success.

Affix 1d. STAMP for copy of "Bullets" BULLETIN

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

USE THIS COUPON to win your CASH

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets.

Signed .....

P.O. Value..... No.....

Address .....

1,269 NEW closing Postmark MON., APRIL 21

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

MAKE YOUR EXTRA ENTRIES ON PLAIN PAPER Send FOUR extra "Bullets" for further entry-fee of 6d. only, thus obtaining TWO FREE.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your motions get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay usually poisons all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Lozenges and mouth washes help a little, but you never get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3 and 2/3.

SKIN SUFFERERS! HERE'S RELIEF FROM PAIN

No longer need you suffer the pain and irritation of skin disease, the disfigurement and humiliation of a raw, inflamed skin. Tens of thousands of tormented skin sufferers have found in D.D.D. Prescription the answer to their hopes.

No matter what your skin trouble, give D.D.D. Prescription—the reliable skin remedy—the chance to cure it for you. Eczema, dermatitis, impetigo, psoriasis, are all speedily cleared up by this soothing, healing lotion. The first cooling application allays the itching, and complete cure follows in a matter of days. Soon your skin will be clear and healthy, and no trace of the trouble will remain. Buy a 1/6 bottle of D.D.D. Brand Prescription from your chemist to-day!

D D D PRESCRIPTION

End your RHEUMATISM BACKACHE SWOLLEN ANKLES & KIDNEY TROUBLES *while you sleep!*

Cystex for KIDNEY & BLADDER ASSISTANCE
THE SCIENTIFIED REMEDY
Now Obtainable in 2 Sizes 1/3, 3/- & 5/-
(Plus tax)

FREEDOM FROM TORMENTING PILES

Whether your piles are of a long-standing nature or you just experience the early symptoms—the burning, itching sensations—you'll find wonderful relief in Zam-Buk Ointment. The refined herbal oils soothe and heal inflamed tissues, subdue pain, restrain bleeding and gradually remove the piles.

In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles you can now obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for internal use. 1/5 *for handy box of ten.* Of chemists.

Zam-Buk
OINTMENT AND SUPPOSITORIES.

FOOD FACTS Number 35

Wheatmeal -the plus Bread!

THE Ministry of Food said to the bakers: "Will you please bake, *for the wise ones who want it*, the best and most nourishing kind of bread there can be!" The result is National Wheatmeal Bread; and wherever enough people ask for it, they will be able to get this wheatmeal loaf—at the price of an ordinary white loaf. *Order it from your baker.*

NATIONAL Wheatmeal Bread contains just as much of the goodness of the wheat as you can digest. It is rich not only in Vitamin B_1 but also in other valuable nutrient elements. It is a *plus* bread! Not as dark as brown bread, not as white as white bread, but a creamy oatmeal colour. What a welcome change it is in war-time, when there are bound to be many substitute articles of diet, to find one thing *better* than it was before—better and no dearer! So ask your baker today to make National Wheatmeal Bread.

All the wheat that's easy to eat

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1.

Both carefully washed but

PERSIL WASHES SO GENTLY THAT IT MAKES WOOLLENS LAST LONGER

Women are extra careful about their fine wash now. They're using Persil, and nothing but Persil, because they know it's *safe*. Persil to keep woollens snug and soft. Persil to keep colours at their brightest. Persil to make sure that delicate silks come out like new. It's the oxygen in Persil which gives it such a gentle yet thorough action. Persil is 'the amazing oxygen washer.' *Use Persil always! And if ever you meet with difficulties in washing, drying, ironing or finishing, Mrs. Holiday—Persil's washing expert—will help you, free. Write to the Persil Home Washing Bureau, Warrington, Lancs.*

The manufacturers of Sunday Scores specially recommend Persil for washing their scarves, to keep them warm and fleecy. Boiling, warm and new.

ARP Instant FIRST AID FOR SKIN INJURIES

Cuticura Ointment brings instant soothing relief to cuts, burns, skin lacerations—prevents infection, quickly heals. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

Cuticura OINTMENT

Instant relief from INDIGESTION BILIOUSNESS DYSPEPSIA FLATULENCE ACIDITY HEARTBURN PALPITATION GASTRIC CATARRH

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ALL CHEMISTS 8½D. & 1/5 INCLUDING TAX

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